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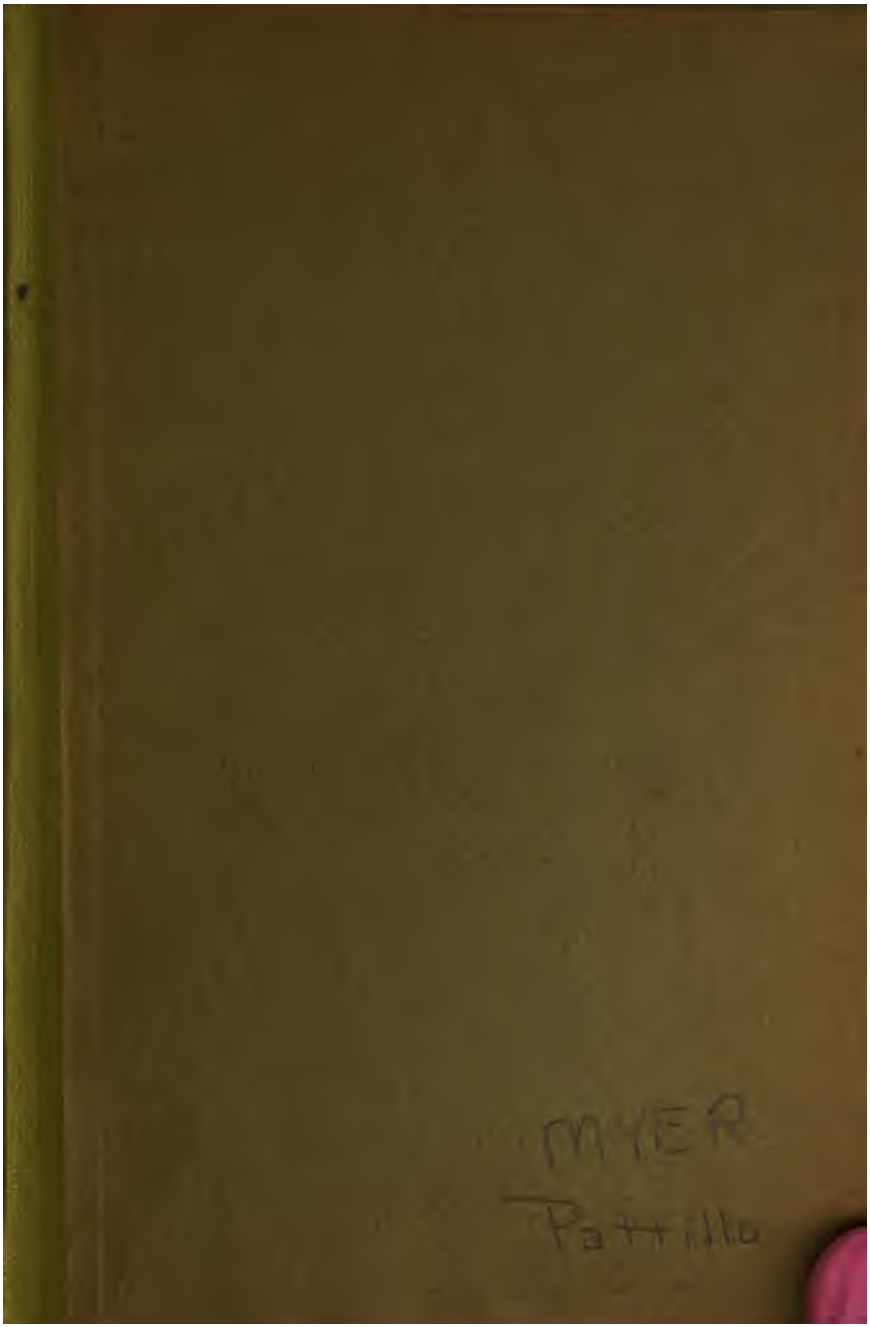
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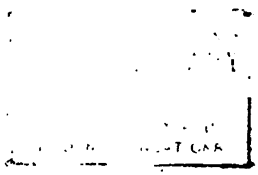
MOOSE-HUNTING, SALMON-FISHING

AND OTHER SKETCHES OF SPORT



THE AUTHOR.

READY!

SELECTING THE SALMON FLY.

T. R. PATTILLO.

[*Frontispiece to Moose-Hunting, Salmon-Fishing, etc.*

MOOSE-HUNTING
SALMON-FISHING

AND

OTHER SKETCHES OF SPORT

BEING THE RECORD OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCES
OF HUNTING WILD GAME IN CANADA

BY

T. R. PATTILLO

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NOTE

ALTHOUGH there are, of course, some things in this work which are not quite "on all-fours" with our views of sport, yet I feel certain that most sportsmen on this side the Atlantic will read Mr. Pattillo's pages with great appreciation.

As it was to be printed in London, and required some little revision and making up into chapters, I went through the original manuscript for this purpose, and if the author's unvarnished but bright, fresh, and straightforward narrative of his sport gives other readers as much pleasure as it did me, there need be no fear as to its success.

If I can get one, I hope to give his portrait, for Mr. Pattillo writes with such *verve* and is such an enthusiast, that reading his pages

is like listening to the stories of a genial companion when out on a sporting expedition.

As I think it is quite possible that a second edition may be called for, I shall be very glad to receive, on behalf of the author, the notes of rod and gun sportsmen who may know, as they are at present, the hunting and shooting districts and rivers referred to in this work.

Our author certainly had grand sport, and although it cannot be so good as formerly, let us hope there is still game enough left to be worth going for.

The descriptions of salmon-fishing make one wonder what it would be like if it was properly preserved.

R. B. MARSTON,

Ed. *Fishing Gazette.*

St. Dunstan's House, Fetter Lane,
London, E.C.,
February, 1902.

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MOOSE-HUNTING, SALMON-FISHING

AND OTHER SKETCHES OF SPORT

CHAPTER I.

MOOSE-CALLING IN NOVA SCOTIA.

South-Western Nova Scotia, particularly the counties of Queen and Shelburne, has always been noted for its big game—moose, cariboo, and bear being abundant.

One Monday morning in September, 1870, a party of three—Jack, Bob, and myself (Tom) —started for the town of Liverpool, Queen Co., on a week's moose-calling expedition, in the neighbourhood of the Broad River Lakes, the source of the fine fishing stream of that name. With a team loaded with all the necessaries, we drove out on the Shelburne road nine miles, then taking a mill-and-log road extending back into the timber lands, we followed

it seven miles to our intended camping-grounds.

Having sent our team back to civilization, we proceeded to make a sharp-peaked tent, and while Bob and I were getting the forked uprights and lean-tos, Jack was stripping the large white birch of their rain-proof bark. It was not long before it was up and covered, and such a rain-proof palace as we had might well be envied by the king, if in the woods on a similar errand. For bedding we used small hemlock and spruce boughs. These, laid in consecutive rows, made a bed good enough to boast of. After getting a supply of wood for the night, we loaded our smooth-bores with an ounce of lead in each, and started for the calling-ground, three quarters of a mile distant—a meadow three hundred yards wide and half a mile long. Situated between our camp and it was a lake known as "Long Lake," containing 300 acres of water, from which flowed a heavy, deep stream into Broad River. During the afternoon we had constantly heard the quacking of duck, so we approached the lake very cautiously, and beheld hundreds of "blue-wings" feeding;

but to attempt to shoot any of them was out of the question. Sneaking round the edge of the lake, we found that, in order to get near enough to reach any game on the meadow, it was necessary to cross the stream, otherwise the distance was too great for a sure shot; so we crept along through the high meadow-grass, until under cover of the underbrush at the edge of the stream, which we found to be so strong and deep as to deter us from attempting to ford it, so we continued to follow it down, hoping to find a bridge, and in this we were successful.

But the crossing-stringer (an old tree) did not seem over-safe. However, we had to get over some way, and that speedily, as the time for calling was getting short—so upon it Jack started with gun and call, as boldly as a sailor walking a greased pole over the water, when, just in the middle, with the words "All right" on his lips, it collapsed, pitching him into the water with his feet from under him, one hand in the air holding the call, the other on the bottom, clinging to his gun, with his face just out of water, blowing like a bull for breath, with the ludicrous expression forced upon our

ears, "This is a d—l of a go!" We got him out at last, with clothes completely soaked and gun full of water. This cooled his and our ardour so much that we were not inclined to seek another crossing that night, but decided to retrace our steps, get as near the edge of the lake as possible, and give a call to ascertain if there were moose on the ground. So Jack placed himself behind a spruce-bush for concealment, while Bob and I crept as near the edge of the lake as possible, hiding ourselves with spruce-boughs and meadow-grass. Presently we heard the call "Mwar!" * Jack's trembling adding the additional *r*. Before this sound had died away in the distance, our ears were greeted with the desired reply, "Bwar!"

"Ah!" said Jack, "he's there. Look out now"—Jack speaks again. Nearer came the answer. "He's coming, boys. I see him up the meadow, and he's trotting down fast. He's a rattler! What horns! Oh, if he were only on the edge of the meadow, we'd have him sure!"

* *Mwar* should be sounded with nostrils closed so as to get the correct tone.

Now he comes in, and I confess I was not sorry the lake was between us. He walks for some 50 yards, then stops, wheels round, showing his side. Oh, what a chance for a rifle! Those great ears of his are intently listening and his eyes glaring. Jack speaks: not a move; speaks again, coaxes: not a budge. What can be the reason? Now he is pawing the mud fiercely, and looking in the same direction.

"Listen, boys," said Jack. "Do you hear a noise like the breaking of old dead branches?"

"Why, yes."

"Well, that is another bull coming, and he is making that racket to frighten any that may be on the same rounds."

Scarcely had he said this when out of the woods came another monster, apparently as fierce and as ready for the fray as the fellow that was waiting for him. Number one stands his ground, and number two halts 50 yards away. You can readily imagine, reader, this was rather an exciting moment for us. Jack coaxes in faint tones, so as to help them on, for we were all eager for the

fray. A bull-moose fight is not often seen. Presently they marched towards each other, and when within a few yards, stood on their hind legs and rushed together, striking with their fore legs, then receded a few yards and at it again. Such blows! We expected on every encounter to see broken legs. At the distance they were from us, fully 300 yards, we were confident we saw blood then, as we did the marks of it the next day when on the spot. The struggle lasted ten minutes, when they both got satisfied, and went off on opposite sides of the meadow. We felt like caged birds during the contest, for we were too far, even with a chance shot, to reach them, yet were aggravated by the fact that they fought within 60 yards of the very spot we were aiming for when Jack met his mishap.

Daylight next morning found us on the move, Bob cooking breakfast, Jack cutting wood, and I off to the lake for a mess of blue-wings. What a sight met my view as I reached it! There they were by the hundred—I might almost say by the thousand, many of them asleep with their heads under their

wings, which gave me an extra chance of creeping on them. When I reached the position I wanted, I turned my gun and whistled, when up went their heads. Oh, what a shot! I pulled, and had the extreme satisfaction of hearing the cap *snap*. I worked some powder into the nipple, and got on a new cap. Then I ranged my gun again, gave a whistle, so as to make them raise their heads, and give me a better chance, as ducks feeding towards one with their heads down make a bad target, there being so little of the body to shoot at; but with their necks up, every shot tells. Then when they drew together, suspicious of the whistle, I pulled, and was greeted with a "bang!" Then for a little I thought I must, like Pat, have put the wrong end of the gun to my shoulder—such a recoil as she made. When the smoke cleared away there were eight dead, four with wings broken, and two others out 100 yards or more, that had fallen out of the flock as it went over the lake. As soon as I noticed the wounded ones, I kept concealed, and watched where they landed, as it is a peculiar trait of the blue-wing, always to

take to the shore when hurt, so by walking along the edge of the lake in less than twenty minutes I had all four. And then off with boots and pants, and waded for the dead ones, making my pile, for it was a pile, numbering twelve. The other two we got on the opposite shore of the lake the same afternoon. The twelve were more than I could carry, so I took four only, concealing the others from foxes until later in the day, and went to camp for breakfast.

In the afternoon we went to the stream and felled a tree across it, that would carry over an army, then captured fourteen trout in a small still water on it. Half an hour's run found us on the edge of the meadow, within easy range of the spot where the contest took place the night before. Jack spoke: no response, and he repeated the call again and again, without a reply. Then I was reminded that the shot at the ducks had frightened the moose away. Just at dusk, however, away in the distance we heard a faint "Bwar!" To the next call the answer seemed nearer, but was followed almost immediately by "Mwar!" "Mwar!"

"My goodness!" Jack says. "Now there will be trouble! That is a cow calling him back."

And it was, for, after coaxing for an hour or two, we were compelled to give up the idea of a shot that night, and so resolved to still hunt them in the morning, if we could not get him to come. At peep of day we were on the spot, with a most favourable morning, there being a heavy white frost. The air was resonant with the quacking of duck. To Jack's "Mwar!" came a speedy reply only some 300 yards away. "Now, boys, lay low! Have your guns placed, and make sure shots, if I get him near enough, which I think I shall," said Jack. To his second call a fine two-year-old bull trotted into sight, but stopped suddenly about 150 yards off, then came very slowly, as if frightened. Jack puts his call almost to the ground, and speaks very low. He walks towards us, but very cautiously. After much coaxing in this way, he stood about 75 yards away, facing us, we with our guns both aimed at him, but waiting, and hoping he would turn a little and enlarge our target. In a few minutes he

did turn a little from us. As previously arranged, I gave the "One! two!" and the report of our guns echoed through the woods. He made a jump, wheeled, and started up the meadow at a furious pace for a little. Well, well, can it be possible neither of us hit him? We rushed to the spot where he had been standing, to see if there were any evidences of his being hit. We did not follow his track 20 feet before we saw, from the blood on the grass, that he was badly hurt, while Jack, who had been watching him from off a tree, called out, "He has left the meadow about 250 yards up, and is going very slowly, as if very hard hit." So we followed his track by the blood on the grass, which led us to the place where he took to the woods, and soon we came to where he had been down, and apparently had only just got up. About 75 yards farther on we found him—a fine fellow of over 500 lbs. One bullet, the fatal one, had gone through his neck just in front of the shoulder, the other through the upper part of the neck. That was a proud moment for us, as it was our first moose. Jack was an old hunter, and therefore to him it was no novelty.

We really had a moose! After dressing him where he fell, we procured withes for thongs, and birch-bark to lay the meat upon, and each shouldered his load and off to camp. But this was not all of it. There were two more similar trips to be made, so that by the time we had the carcase hung up out of the reach of foxes and bears, close by the camp, we were quite ready to rest for a couple of hours. Then we had moose-steak, tender, juicy, delicious.

CHAPTER II.

MOOSE-CALLING IN NOVA SCOTIA—continued.

At the hour of calling we went to the meadow, but nearer the head of it, and were not much disappointed that we got no response, as the neighbourhood had been too greatly disturbed. Nor were we any more fortunate the next morning. It was therefore decided that we would change our ground for calling that night, and we went to a bog on Big Broad River Lake—a distance of over two miles. This we reached about 4 p.m., and as we stepped out on it to reconnoitre and select spots for calling and concealing, Jack noticed fresh tracks of an immense moose, judging by their size, and in these the muddy water had not settled, showing that he had passed there very recently, and could not be far away; so we concluded to

make a temporary "lean-to" for the night, which took us till nearly sundown. Then Jack took up a position on a big boulder at the very front of the bog, while Bob and I went up the bog 100 yards or more to meet him if he came down. We concealed ourselves behind small spruces, with our guns resting over them. Jack speaks: no reply. He speaks again,—all are intently listening. Presently there came a rejoicing "Bwar!" but a long way off. Again we call, and again he answers, nearer than before. Now our hearts are going "pit-a-pat" at the imaginary appearance of that monster, and the remembrance of those fore legs flying about, as we had seen them the first night out. We speak again, and again he answers, but apparently not much nearer. Then we lost trace of him, although continually calling in all the wooing, coaxing tones known to hunters; but he gave no response. Yet we were on the *qui vive* looking up the bog, our eyes and ears at the greatest tension, with the guns cocked, expecting any moment to see our game. Dusk had come, and we had concluded to give up for the night, when suddenly, and without

the slightest warning, we were greeted from a clump of second-growth birch and maple on the edge of the bog, with "Bwah!" We were prepared for anything in front of us, but coming so abruptly, and from such an unexpected quarter, I jumped—well, I won't attempt to say how high, but high enough to make me conspicuous to the moose, and convince him that he was on the wrong tack. On examining the tracks in the morning, we were certain it was the same moose whose prints we had seen in the afternoon, and we found, on further examination, that he had been in the neighbourhood of the "lean-to" during the night, had taken our scent, and gone off again. We concluded to leave that ground undisturbed that day, and return the next afternoon. On getting back to camp during the forenoon, we found that Bruin, in our absence, had evidently smelt the moose meat, and had been trying to get at it, but without success. Knowing his appetite would not be satisfied without a further attempt to gratify it, we decided to sleep that night with our eyes open and lights and fires out, that we might be ready to receive him.

During that day Jack went to the lake, and brought back five ducks, while Bob and I went down the stream, and each caught as many beautiful trout of uncommonly large size as we cared to carry home. The fishing was just immense. We used, for bait, moose meat and the white grubs found in old decayed logs. The spot where we got the catch was at the head of a pool, 400 yards below where the tree crossed the stream. We each cut a pole about 12 feet long, and took our stand. As soon as we threw in our bait, the water was literally boiling with fish, which became so ravenous after a little while, that they actually jumped out of the water for the bait before it touched it. We captured thirty-three, in an amazingly short time, and from appearances could have taken three hundred and thirty-three, as they seemed just as plentiful when we left off fishing as when we began. These were the real sea trout, with bright silvery sides and salmon-coloured flesh, and were as sweet and delicious when coming from the pan or broiled on sticks before the fire as are the fattest salmon. We just feasted on them,

alternating with moose-steak. We went to the meadow that night and on the following morning calling, hoping against hope that a moose might cross on to the ground after it had been disturbed; but we had no success. At night, as we had planned, with the guns all loaded, the light was put out, and the fire allowed to smoulder, while Jack took the first watch from eight to eleven, Bob and I sleeping with our guns within easy reach.

About ten o'clock Jack touched me and whispered, "I hear something outside." I touched Bob, and passed the message on. "I'll look out quietly." He did, and returned and whispered, "There is a big bear up against the tree where the fore quarters of meat are. You creep out first, Tom, and sit on your haunches; you go next, Bob, and do the same, but a little behind Tom; and I'll go behind you both, and when I say, 'Ready! one! two! three!' blaze away. Aim for his shoulder, for we are so near, the bullets will rise." Thus prepared, we slipped out as planned, and saw the bear, as Jack had seen him, so intent on that feast he was never to have, that he had not noticed us.

When we had our positions, Jack's "Ready!" a pause, "One! two! three!" "Bang-ang-ang!" all as one report, made Bruin jump, pitch headlong, never to rise again. The woods echoed in the stillness of the night with a sound resembling a man-of-war at big-gun practice. He was a big fellow, an old stager, and I doubt not an old offender. We estimated he would weigh from 350 to 400 lbs. He had a splendid skin, which I used several winters on my sleigh, and we obtained a large quantity of grease; for he was very fat.

After all the excitement, you can easily imagine sleep had fled for a time. Didn't we feel proud? We were like "cocks of the walk." A moose, a bear, duck, and trout! It had been many a day since there was such a successful hunt. "Now, boys," said Jack, "I fully believe we'll have more luck yet, unless something goes wrong; for, do you know, I think we are going to get a shot at that big fellow to-morrow night. I don't expect anything up the meadow in the morning, as this cannonade to-night would drive everything off the ground; but I am very

hopeful. When we get on the other bog, we'll change our ground some, and I think we can fool him."

With such pleasant anticipation for the closing up of our already most successful trip, we turned in for the night.

CHAPTER III.

MOOSE-CALLING IN NOVA SCOTIA—continued.

In the morning we went to the meadow, as already stated, having no luck, so after another trip by Bob to the lake without success, and of Jack and I to the trout-pool, where we caught twenty-five more trout, we had dinner, secured camp, and moved over to the Big Bog again. An hour's sun finds us on it. "Now," says Jack, "there is a kind of island about a quarter of a mile up; it is quite high, with good shelter for you and me, and we'll go up there." So we went, and it was the proper spot, apparently made on purpose for calling moose. It was about 75 yards from each side of the bog, with a mile of opening above, and 500 yards below. The island itself was 25 yards across and 70 yards up and down the length of the bog,

the middle being raised some 12 feet, and this was covered with small trees of birch and maple. Jack takes the middle, gets on a boulder, and cuts the tops off the trees that would shut off his view in every direction. This done, Bob and I got down to the very edge, and cleared out tracks for us to see out easily, while being concealed ourselves. "Are you all ready, boys!" said Jack. "Yes," we replied, and immediately there rang out over the woods, "Mwar!" It was a proper evening for the business—calm, bright sky, and a clear sunset; everything in our favour. Ere that sound had died on the ear, a responsive "Bwar!" was coming back. "I'll bet that's the big fellow," said Jack; "and he's fierce: I know by the way he answers." Jack gave a second low call. We spied the moose rolling along at a rapid rate down the bog, as though he were "lord of creation," not halting until he was within 125 yards of us. Oh, what a monster! What eyes! What horns! "If we miss, Bob, the Lord help us! we'll never see home again." He stood for a little, as if reconnoitring, then walked towards us; he was apparently fidgety,

those big eyes were glaring as if looking into futurity, and those immense ears listening intently. Still he kept coming, until he was only 75 yards away, right head on, and, if he didn't come any nearer, was within shot. I can assure you, reader, that was an anxious time. If he would only come a little closer, we could scarcely miss him, if our guns were true. Jack gave a funny little coaxing call. He started quickly up, and came within 50 yards. "Now, my boy, if nothing happens as bad as the snapping of our caps, you are ours!"

I was so excited that it was hard to hold my gun steady. There he stood, his breath nearly falling on us, but looking directly, as we thought, at us. "If he would only turn quartering, so that we could get his shoulder! We did not have to wait long before he turned side-to, as much as to say, "Shoot away!" "Are you ready, Bob?" One! two! "Bang-ang-ang!" all three guns. Our monster, where was he? On the ground, kicking his last kick, and we his captors, having now all the moose we needed, shouted, hooted, halloaed, sang, whistled, and danced. What luck! What luck! What

luck! After we had partly recovered from our excitement, we went in for examination, and to bleed him. We found that every bullet had hit him, and any one of them would have eventually killed him, while one had gone through his heart. His antlers were six feet wide—beauties, and his body weighed 950 lbs. "There," said Jack, "didn't I tell you we were going to see this big fellow, and would get a shot at him?" We partly dressed him that night, and finished him next morning, when Bob at daylight started out to the Broad River settlement, for a yoke of oxen and a couple of hands to help in getting the game to the post-road. This ox-team, with our own from town with a span of horses, reached the camp at ten o'clock. We took the oxen on to the Big Bog, and up beside the carcase of our big fellow just where he fell, and loaded him on there. While doing this, Bob and the town driver were loading up the other waggon at the camp, so that when we returned to them, everything was ready for a good-bye meal, and a speedy start for home.

At one o'clock we bade the scenes of a

pleasant week's sport adieu, with three rousing cheers for the Queen, and Broad River shooting-grounds, shouldered the guns, and started on foot for the main post-road, the teams following. As we expected to see partridges on our road home, we loaded accordingly, and secured thirteen before reaching town. At 3.45 the teams were out on the road; the town team was reloaded, carrying the contents of both, *and it was loaded.* Then we continued our homeward march, all of us riding. We created no little excitement passing through the settlements of Broad River, Hunt's Point, and White Point, while our approach had been heralded by teams going into town, and we were met at its entrance by an army of boys, with a pleasant greeting by scores of friends, as we passed along to my residence. We disposed of sufficient game to pay all our expenses, remembered our hosts of friends with dainty morsels, had a week of rarely equalled sport, and without an accident apart from Jack's wetting. May a trip, as happy in its results as this, be in store for each and every one of my sporting readers!

CHAPTER IV.

SALMON AND TROUT FISHING ON THE MEDWAY, NOVA SCOTIA.

For a number of years with a companion, I went to the Medway, the last week in May and the first in June, for a week's outing. At this particular time we found the May run of salmon had worked well up the river, while the June fish were in the lower pools, so we were sure of plenty of sport, could we get them to take. The salmon on this stream are very variable in their fancies. The fly they would take fiercely one season they would often scarcely look at the next; so that frequently, when we knew the river was full of fish and we had an abundance and great variety of flies to select from, scarcely one was captured the first day or two. One season we fished the choicest pools from Monday until

Thursday noon without hooking a fish, and went home Saturday with seventeen. The outing or trip narrated here was begun May 28, 1880. Mill Village, a settlement on the Medway, was reached after a journey of thirty miles at 7.30 a.m. There we met our Indian guides, Sol and Peter, who, with their boats ready and teams engaged to take them up the stream, were waiting for us. We were soon away, and at 9.30 had a boat in the water at the foot of Poltz Falls, and the other at the head of the same. S. and Peter were to fish the foot of Poltz, Hemlock Run, and little Salmon Pool, while Sol and I were to try the head of Poltz Shoal Ground, and Kempton's Run, with all the intervening ground. We were so anxious for sport, that we dumped our outfit on the camping-ground, put our rods together and started for the respective locations. The water was just right for good fishing. Sol and I anchored above a smooth run on the south-east side of Poltz—a favourite resting spot for the fish after having faced the long, heavy waters of the Falls.

I threw a short line at first with a Durham

Ranger on: but no sign. Then a little longer: still no sign. Now if he is where he generally lies, I ought to start him on the next cast, so I am very expectant. With a 15-yard line I made the next throw, and as I worked it coaxingly towards me, I noticed a curl in the water, like a small wave. "Ah! old man" (Sol always calls me this), "he's there all right." I gave him a rest, as experience has taught me that the king amongst fish does not like to be hurried too much, if he fails to be hooked on the first rush; so, after waiting a few moments to allow him to settle back to the spot he started from, I put the fly over him again, when he rushed and struck at it with his tail. I saw by this he did not want the fly, so I changed it for a Yellow-leg (yellow body, Turkey wing and jungle), and as soon as this went over him—in fact, before it got to him, he sailed after it like an albacore, and was fast. "Well done, old man!" shouted Sol. "Now we must work him up the stream into deeper and smoother water, or he may take down the river, then our chances of saving him will be slim." So Sol lifted the anchor, and poled up several yards, and moored

again. Meanwhile the salmon was thumping his nose on the bottom to rub the hook out. Failing to accomplish this, I knew he would soon run, and run he did, up the river at full tilt, then jumped several feet out of the water, turned and down the stream like a race-horse. Didn't my reel buzz? Fortunately, I had 150 yards on it, or it would have been "good-bye, salmon," as he did not stop until he had run off 100 yards. Then he swam into an eddy and rested. After a little I began to ply my reel, and while he fought every inch of the way, jumping out again and getting back to the eddy, I got him some 30 yards nearer: then he took another scoot across the Falls, jumped again, and shot into another eddy. It began to look pretty serious for saving him. We had him then full twenty-five minutes without any sign of his giving in, but we soon after observed that he was faltering. As he was too far away to hope to get him up to us against the current, Sol lifted the anchor and dropped the boat towards him, while I gathered in every inch of line, and held him where he was. We stopped her a little above the first heavy

run, still holding the fish in the eddy, but observed that he was getting very weak, and would soon give up.

Every salmon sportsman knows that that is the time to line, hook, and tip, when the fish ceases to help himself by heading the current, so that the gear has not only to bear the weight of the current, but the additional weight of the fish. We were convinced that the only way to save him was to drop the boat down, which was by no means an easy task, when he was below the first run on the Falls, a rush of water not to be played with. Fortunately, we had an unusually long rod, and Sol dropped her very slowly, enabling me to gather in my line and hold the fish, which was now nearly drowned in the eddy. The boat had reached a point where she must be secured, and Sol and I must change positions—he to the stern with the gaff, I to the bow with the rod. This was accomplished, but the situation was getting exciting. "Look out! Look out! Handle him mighty easy! The fly is almost out of him!" exclaimed Sol. "I am afraid we'll lose him yet." I was working him up towards the boat with all the

tension I dared put on the tip. When I thought Sol could reach him, I straightened up my rod, which brought him to the surface, and Sol struck at him, but his gaff fell short. What an anxious moment! Could I get him nearer without risking the tip? The fish was helpless. The question had to be decided then and there, so I worked my reel a little, and threw my rod back of me, and worked him by that double action a foot or so closer. "Now, Sol, what you are going to do, do quickly." The old Indian raised his gaff, made a sure strike, and soon had him in the boat. And there were a pair of happy fellows. Oh, my arm! how it ached! I had had him on fifty minutes, under heavy tension all the time. While it was sport of the first water, there was certainly no play about the latter part of it. The next movement was to get the boat above the Falls, which was no easy task, but was accomplished by Sol putting on the mooring, and I using the pole. Then we landed and walked down to where S. and Peter were, a half-mile below. Our fish weighed 10¾ lbs. They had hold of one at Hemlock, which they lost by his running across the

river into a snag, fouled the line, jumping when it brought him up, and cleared himself by parting the cast.

After having lunch, we proceeded to put up the tent, then had a couple of hours' nap in the middle of the day, gathered wood for the night, and at four o'clock started for the fishing-grounds again. It was a most beautiful evening. The wind had gone; but, oh, the black flies and mosquitoes! weren't they thick? We had always on our yearly cruises put up our own fly-protector, made of three-quarters sweet oil, with oil-tar, oil of peppermint, and kerosine in equal proportions for the other quarter; and this we found very effectual, requiring to be used only twice a day. S. was induced by some patent medicine-vendor to try a wonderful preparation he had, that would prevent a fly coming within smelling distance of you, to say nothing of their biting, so he discarded our old standby protector. But we had not been separated half an hour when from our boat I spied him coming on the run, and when in hailing distance he shouted, "For Heaven's sake, Pat, come ashore, and give me some of that fly mixture! That blamed

stuff I had is no good. They almost ate me up." We had a good laugh at his expense, then went to him. When back at the anchorage, I tried for upwards of an hour without seeing a sign, and during that time had changed more than a dozen flies. At last I fell back on my old Yellow-leg, which, my reader will allow me to say here, I have found by experience to be the *most reliable of all* the flies out of over a hundred in my book. If the Yellow-leg won't start your fish, whether he takes or not, you may as well stop fishing seven times out of eight. I have made this digression for the benefit of young sportsmen. With the Yellow-leg on, I made a cast over the same water I had fished so often, and had only worked it a few feet towards me, when my line tightened, and I drew my rod, but only pricked him, which meant a lost fish for that afternoon.

As my sporting readers know too well, the salmon does not favour the prick of the fly, although I have not unfrequently hooked him, when by the return cast after the pricking I threw immediately over him; but this I could not accomplish with this one, so

after fishing a while longer without success, I went to camp, to find S. there with a fire under way. They had captured a nine-pounder at the lead of Little Salmon, which gave them great sport. He started him four times before he hooked him, and then he ran and jumped five times. He caught his with a Silver Doctor. Supper was eaten with keen appetites, and we felt, out there in the woods by the river, like being in a new world—a most delightful one apart from the pesky flies. We always arranged with Mr. M. at the village to send for our fish each night, and put them on ice, so that when on Saturday we were ready for home, they were packed and in good order for us.

Tuesday morning very early we had breakfast, but did not get to fishing till seven o'clock, on account of river fog, as salmon will rarely start for a fly when that is on the water. Sea fog is quite different. We failed to move any at the pools at the head of Poltz, so we landed on the west side of the river, and walked down the shore to a very inviting pool halfway down the Falls, formed by a ledge projecting from the shore. Upon the very

outside of this I stood and cast my fly, which I had drawn only a few feet towards me when a fellow sprang for it like a race-horse—so suddenly and unexpectedly that I did not hook him. I gave him a rest, then tried again and again, but could not start him, so I concluded I must have pricked him, yet I continued changing flies and fishing, encouraged only by the fact that I know he was in the pool. Perhaps he changed his position to some other part of the pool, as they often do, when he made that rush. There was a rock directly below me: he might be lying at the head of it; so I moved my fly above it, working the line across the stream, when out he came fiercely as at first, but no longer free—I had him. Then there was a spree. The scamp rushed out into the stream and down the stream, made a jump, then towards the pool and into an eddy, leaving the line slack. I reeled up as fast as possible, but a little too fast, for, after developments—for he took a second race off into the stream—my line bringing up all standing, and budge it I could not on the reel. The salmon felt the sudden check, gave a leap, parted my cast, and bade me good-bye,

leaving a disgruntled-looking chap on the shore. Sol consoled me with a sympathetic "That's too bad altogether!"

Reader, if you are a sportsman of experience, it is more than probable you know what the "loop on the reel" means. This trick is caused by the hasty winding of a slack line on the reel by forming a loop which is bound in its parts by different successive layers on the line, and is often difficult to get clear when there is no strain on it. I confess to disappointment in the loss of that fish, but he kept me busy while we were attached to each other. Luck seemed against me, but I never handled a wilder fish. We next started for Shoal Ground a mile above Poltz. On the way there a large rock, standing some 12 feet from the shore, is passed, its top being generally out of the water. The stream is moderately swift by it, and although I had often passed there, I had not thought it a spot where salmon would rest; nor had Sol. This morning, as we came to it, Sol stopped the boat, and I put on a trout fly, thinking some of those speckled fellows, for which the Medway in those days was famous, might be

lurking there. I cast the fly above the rock and trailed it for a trout, when "Horoosh!" saluted my ears. Why, it almost took my breath! A salmon, sure enough—and not a wee one either. Fortunately, I did not hook him, as I could not have held him. I put on then a small Butcher, and made another cast on the same spot. Scarcely had it come to his first starting-place when he sailed out, as if meaning business; and we both did—we hitched. He probably had never been halter-broken, and was much like the Prairie bronco, very unwilling to give up his liberty. So he fought up the stream, down the stream, and across the stream, evidently determined to get around every rock, and hunt every scrag on the bottom, yet never an attempt at a jump. Sometimes he had two-thirds of my line out, when we would have to up killock, and after him! Then again he would sulk and lie still, when our poles and stones would have to be used to make him move, as I knew he could only be drowned by keeping him on the go. After this varied performance had been kept up over an hour and a half, we got him up alongside.

Wasn't he a bouncer? "Now, Sol, look out! make sure work of it!" He raised the gaff and put it into him. When the salmon felt it, he jumped towards the boat, and was clear. As I was holding him with all the tension my tip would bear when he sprang, snap went the tip, and snap also went the cast, while the salmon went floundering away from us. Was not that hard luck, reader?

It needs no great flight of imagination to picture the happiness of the two fellows in the boat. "Dang the salmon! I wish I had not seen him!" went ruthlessly from my lips. He was so near, and yet now so far. Old Sol ejaculated, "Too bad! too bad!" We were so sure of him when he was within gaff-length, that the thought of losing him never occurred to us. Had Sol gaffed him from underneath, *which is the proper way*, when he jumped and lifted the gaff, he would still have had him on it. This taught us both a lesson, which, if you have not learned it yet, reader, you had better now, and put it into practice on each and every fish you get hold of. It is often said the biggest fish are those the fishermen lose, but if I ever saw or caught a

25-lb. salmon—and I have—that one weighed every pound of the 25. 'Tis true, I had all the sport there was to be had in capturing the fellow, but the end was so disappointing it took the pleasure out of the sport. After sighing, groaning, wailing, and biting our teeth a while, we concluded it was too early to go back to camp, and would see further what was in store for us. Sol repaired the tip, and I the line. But no mere single casts for me, so long as there are double ones. That morning single gut had cost me two salmon, which I have not a doubt would have been saved with double. Of course I don't know your ideas of single casts, but mine are now proven by many years' experience since, that while the single make the neater gear and are less disturbing to the water, the double capture quite as many, without the risk of any such disappointment as above related.

To return to our morning cruise. Our gear being repaired, we proceeded to fish Shoal Ground, which is a long, smooth, rather shoal run of nearly half a mile—a favourite spot for fishing when the salmon are moving out

of the deep water between Poltz and it. As we were not successful in starting any on these runs, we concluded to try for trout at the mouth of Dean's Brook, a short distance below—a famous resort then for large ones. So, changing my fly for a sea-trout one, and dropping to the spot named above, I hooked a noble one on the second cast, and landed him after a plucky fight. It was only a few moments when I was fast into another, and then another, until I had five—none less than a pound, while two of them were 1¾ lbs. Then, as we had disturbed the water so much, we moved nearer the middle of the river, where, at the very first cast I made, up rushed a salmon; but I took the fly from him. Then I put on the heavy gear, judging he would take it after being once started; but not he. I changed flies till I got disgusted with him, then went back to the trout-gear, and ran the risk of a capture, if he came, or add him as No. 3 of lost fish. I had fished only a short time, when up he came, but evidently not to take. He had been fished over too much, so I tried a new dodge to fool him. I threw a long line, let it sink a little,

then drew it a yard or so very quickly, then a little quite slowly, and again quickly, until the line came near where I thought he was; then I drew quickly again, and paused, when he made a furious rush for it, and was fast. Well, reader, if you ever saw a horse running away, this fellow started at once on an equally fast pace down the river, my reel buzzing out its swiftest. "Sol, for goodness' sake, get up the killock, and get the pole at work!" was my salutation, for I saw the necessity of speedy and immediate action. The boat was soon following with all the speed Sol could get on her, and that was not slow, yet the fish was going directly from us, and had two-thirds of the line out. "Hold on, good fly! Hold on, good cast!" The scamp had jumped four times—the first a double, for as soon as he touched the water he made a second scoot and jumped. "Sol, he must be hooked in the tongue or some equally tender part to be so unusually wild," said I. "Well, old man," he replied, "I never saw a wilder fish. There is no let-up yet." Presently he began to sail from one side of the river to the other, as if looking for snags; then he made

a jump, and merely cleared the water, which evidently showed he was weakening, and as the boat was gradually approaching, I got in most of the line, and was beginning to be hopeful. Sol proposed our landing, as he had stopped running, and that would give us a better chance of gaffing him without so much strain on our light trout-gear, or danger of tearing out the fly when getting him to the boat.

Accordingly, we poled to the shore. I got out and went up the bank. Sol did also, but waited with gaff in hand, ready to meet the salmon when I worked him into shoal water. To do this I continued walking back from the shore, drawing the fish very gradually towards it. Presently I had him where he began to kick, when Sol sprang into the water, thrust the gaff into him, and he was soon kicking in the bushes. Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! It is not all hard luck. This one weighed 10¼ lbs., one of those thick, plump fellows that, when in the pan nicely cooked, makes a man hungry, whether he was before or not. He was hooked in the tongue, as I surmised. In my experience the only other

place a fish could be hooked to be so wild, *is the eye.*

We had had sport enough for one day, and were hungry enough to seek the camp, so, dropping down to our landing-place, we were soon on the road to camp with our fare. When it was sighted, we saw the other boat at the shore, and S. nearly stripped, standing by the fire. "What in the 'diggens' does that mean?" said Sol. "It looks as if he had been overboard." Well, sure enough he had fallen out at the head of Hemlock by making a miss step, when he was changing his position with Peter to bow after he had hooked a fish. The boat was a crank affair; he lost his balance, and over he went. Fortunately, the boat was moored, and as he went out he had seized the gunwale with one hand, and held the rod with the other, which Peter immediately grabbed, thus keeping the salmon in check, while he could give him some help to get into the boat. They had evidently had a laughable time after they secured the fish, and Sol and I had the second edition when we found them in this predicament. The black flies and mosquitoes were also on the track

of fun, and had it too, where the *preventive* ceased to prevent. After dinner, the events of the morning were recited, and then all went in for a nap till four o'clock, when we started for the evening fishing, exchanging our ground and boats; S. and Peter going above, Sol and I below.

At sundown we met at camp without either having started a fish, so we concluded the body of the first run must be above us, and the last had not reached the ground we were on; we therefore decided to have boats and gear moved some three miles and a half further up, to Little Salmon Falls and Rocky Falls, early the next morning.

CHAPTER V.

FISHING AT LITTLE SALMON AND ROCKY FALLS.

THIS portion of the river has always been the sportsman's choicest ground, not only for salmon, but for its superior trouting on the main river at the foot of the Rocky Falls, and on Murray's Brook, which empties into the river at the head of Salmon.

Our ground was reached at 7.30 the next morning, and we went at once for the morning's fishing, S. and Peter locating at the head of Salmon, while Sol and I anchored at the head of Deep Pool, some 200 yards above Rocky. I started with a Durham, and had not made many casts when I saw the wave of a fish, but could not move him again, although trying Butcher, Yellow and Silver Doctor, Certain Death, Prairie Dog, and Yellow-leg. Then we went to the head of Rocky Falls—well named, as it was a long,

very rough sheet of water, that no boat ever attempts to run, but is only overcome by dropping it down near the shore with ropes. The head of it was divided into two smooth runs by a big rock just about the centre. We anchored above the western run, and with a Grey Doctor made a cast without any response. The next throw my fly went nearer the shore, in the shadow of a maple tree. The fly stops: the line draws. I straightened up the rod, and he was fast, hooked under water. "Look out, old man," said Sol, "that he don't take down the Falls! Keep a good strain on him, for most likely he'll try to. I'll work the boat up into smoother and deeper water, so as to have a better chance."

By his actions I was convinced he was not well hooked, and would have to be carefully handled. Sol had scarcely changed the position of the boat, when he started to run the Falls, and I knew he was lost unless he could be checked immediately, so I decided to settle the matter there and then by putting the brake on my reel, and made it so difficult to draw out, while it gave a little, that he

stopped running and faced the stream, which at that spot was very swift.

I began to wind up, and gradually got him coming towards the head of the pool. If I could get him a few yards further, there would be some prospect of saving him. Soon he began to shake his head—usually an ominous sign—when, very unexpectedly, he started with a rush up the stream, and stopped opposite the boat. We changed our position, and soon he moved up further, but I worked him towards the boat, and found he was weakening, so brought him to the surface and dropped him towards Sol, who soon lifted him into her, saved as if by chance, for no sooner did he touch the boat than he unhooked, the hole had torn so large.

Sol was so delighted at our success that he kicked up his heels and shouted. Then we shifted over to fish the eastern run, so with the same fly I made a cast, and instantly a fine trout took it. As he was a trout only, I handled him carelessly, and lost him within a foot of the boat. It was not long before I was fast to another, which we saved. Then another, the largest I ever caught or saw in

any river—3½ lbs. What a beauty! I thought at first it was a grisle, as he fought so hard. Here my morning's sport ended, and we started for the camping-ground. Before we reached it, we came to S. and Peter, anchored below Little Salmon (which Falls can be run without risk) at the head of a deep pool, and by the position of his rod I concluded he must have a fish. As we approached him he accosted me, "Pat, come and gaff this salmon for me. He is a big fellow, and so slightly hooked I dare not attempt to draw him to the boat." So we pushed out until we were right over him, when Sol cautiously put down the gaff below him, and soon he was coming up and into our boat. He weighed 16½ lbs.—a very pretty fish. The hook had the merest hold of him, and it is a wonder to us all that it held him. He had him over half an hour.

We then went for the camp gear, which was removed to an island between Little Salmon and Deep Cove, and erected it there—a most beautiful place, away from the gaze of strangers. At our first meal here we feasted on trout, which Sol knew how to cook to tempt the appetite. At three o'clock we

resumed fishing, but found none until nearly sundown, when I put on the most unattractive fly and the least likely one in my book to start a fish. The fact was, I had become disgusted, after having tried at least twenty flies, any one of which I thought would start them; but as soon as this one went over the water I had been threshing so long, up came a fellow, fairly rolling out of the water. I gave him the fly for an instant, then drew it, and he was fast.

He was a lively fellow, and gave me great sport, racing and jumping, but he was soon in the boat—a 9½-lb. fish. After this, we moved to the head of the run, where the trout were caught. At the second cast a fish came which I knew was more than a trout, so, after giving him a rest, I fished over him again, and then he came as if meaning business, so, as we were both that way inclined, we hitched together, and there was a hustle. No single cast this time. He was determined not to come up the stream, and I was disposed to make him. He was well at the head of the pool when hooked, so Sol hauled the boat up into deeper and less swift water, and I reeled

him. When he jumped, we saw he was well fastened, consequently I used him more roughly than usual; kept shortening him in until nearly up to the boat, when he made a run and a jump, and up the river he went, much above the boat, and there was danger of his crossing the bow and under the mooring—which he did. I passed the rod to Sol, who, quick as a flash, passed it under water between the mooring and the boat, and when he straightened it, the line was clear with the fish still fast. It was an anxious moment, and by just such a trick has many a fisherman been disappointed of his game. By this time he was wavering, showing his sides as he was being reeled towards the boat. We had changed positions for the final action, and when he was raised nearly to the surface Sol had hold of him and into the boat.

This one was 11¾ lbs. S. secured an eight-pounder, at the head of Little Salmon, just as he was leaving for camp, disgusted at the afternoon's luck. When we had the fish ready for the team to take to the village, we were proud fellows. They were a pretty sight, and we concluded the spell of hard

luck had been broken by changing our grounds.

The next morning it was raining heavily, and continued all the forenoon, raising the water some, while it became very thick, so much so that the fish would not or could not see the fly in the afternoon, and I found none that day. S., however, fared better, and was into a queer freak with a salmon on Murray's Brook, where he had gone for trout. This brook is a large stream, famous in those days and since for its trout-pools, extending some distance into the forest, and emptying into the Medway just at the head of Little Salmon. Finding no fish on the main river, he went up this brook for trout. When he had taken fourteen, up came a salmon, and he hooked him, but had no hope of saving him with his trout-gear, as the stream was quite narrow, the bushes growing out over it. However, the fish sailed about for a while, jumping three times, but S. held him very loosely, so he had him still when he swam close to the banks and amongst the bushes, of course taking the line with him. Here he stopped. Now what was to be done?

There was only one thing which could be done, which was to cut a track for the boat and line out, so, holding the rod steadily, Peter and S. actually cut with their knives a track out of the bushes and their entanglement, and were out free. Now they raised the rod, not supposing the salmon was still on, as there had not been a motion of the line all the while they were cutting, so we can well imagine their surprise to find that they still had him, and a pretty fish at that, which they soon had in their boat. S., in telling it, said he never was so proud of capturing any fish as of this. He was 10½ lbs.

The next morning, by agreement, we changed boats—S. fishing below, and I above. It was seven o'clock before going to the pools, as the river was so dense, but scarcely had I cast into the western pool on Little Salmon, when one came and was hooked. The boat was well above the Falls, and the water was not very strong in this part of the pool, so that I had no difficulty in getting him up above the run without disturbing the pool, and he was in the boat in a very short time—a 9-lb. fish. Then I

threw into the same pool, where there seemed another waiting for his breakfast, which he found speedily, for I hooked him on the first bounce, and captured him with little trouble—another nine-pounder. Then I fished until ten o'clock, when there were six in the boat, and two others somewhere about sulking with sore mouths, which I lost. Just before leaving for camp, Sol took the rod, remarking, "I would not be surprised to find one in that little eddy, close to the eastern shore." With that remark he made a cast, and was startled by such a mad rush that he only pricked him. The river seemed to be, or that part of it, literally full of fish that morning. All our catch was taken with the homely fly I put on two days before. Sol, the day before, had made one much like mine, and with it that morning S. hooked four, saving three of them, so that when we were both on the shore, with nine salmon lying on the moss, it was a sight to gladden the hearts of the heartless.

Many sportsmen claim that if a salmon is after flies, he will take any one you give him; but they can't make me believe that. If

you cast the fly he wants, he'll take it with a rush; if you don't, you may fish for hours without seeing a sign, while he may be under your fly all the while. It is often remarked that "the salmon is a queer fish;" and he is. The fly he will take quickly in the early morning he will discard by nine o'clock, and the fisherman, to please his fancy, has to be changing it every hour in the day. In the early season you will find him in the eddy of the rocks; when the water gets warm, and the lamprey eels are in the stream, seek for him and expect to find him usually at the head of the rocks in the swiftest water. Then he himself can fish in quietness without the eels bothering him, which they do in the eddy.

The salmon-fisherman should be very patient to be successful. When he is at a pool in which fish generally rest, and he knows it, then he should not soon get discouraged if not successful. Many a time I have fished more than an hour in one spot without a sign, when frequently, just in the act of reeling in my line to move, some peculiar action of the fly would attract his attention,

and up he would come; often with my fly trailing while hauling up the anchor has one rushed out and hooked himself. So, reader, if an inexperienced fisherman, don't get quickly discouraged. If luck does not speedily attend you, whistle and keep your courage up, and he'll come later on. My general readers will pardon this digression, which has been made especially for those who do not know as much about the whims of salmon as you and I do.

After such wonderful luck in the forenoon, we started out at four o'clock, thinking there would be no difficulty in making up the dozen fish by dusk; but in this we were sadly disappointed, as I did not see one, while the only fish S. and Peter got was jigged under water in the soft part of his belly. He gave them a big chase, cutting from one side of the river to the other, and was saved by most careful handling, as the flesh tore so easily it was only by a constant and moderate strain the hook was kept in him. We slept soundly that night, the last of that outing, and were early on the ground in the morning for the final fishing. S. took the head of Salmon

Pool, captured one and lost one; while I hooked a fine fellow at the head of Rocky, but lost him on the Falls, as he took down the stream. At eight o'clock we had taken breakfast, had the tent down, fish in the boat, and were at the head of Rocky to drop them to the foot with the moorings, as to attempt to run them meant inevitably the loss of boats and men. This job was accomplished, but not without much difficulty. The foot of these Falls was a famous trouting spot, so S. decided to put in an hour there, while we went on to Black Rattle—a long, smooth, deep pool at the head of a heavy fall. We watched S. for a little time having fine sport with those big speckled fellows, and then moved on to our proposed fishing spot. This was certainly a most attractive pool, and looked as if there was fun ahead for us. Well, I fished and continued fishing, my killing fly seeming to be no better than the others. The last one I tried was the Crow, jet black with silver tinsel, but failed to start any, so I laid my rod down, the fly still trailing, while Sol was hauling up the anchor. Scarcely had he drawn the boat a yard when up came

a salmon with a rush. I caught up the rod, and he was hooked.

I played him fully an hour. He was such a pretty fish it made me the more anxious to get him, but when he was nearly up within reach of the gaff, and quite drowned and helpless, thereby bringing an immense strain on the fly, the snood drew out, and he was free. We watched him being swept down the Falls, with his tail occasionally showing. It was a great disappointment, as the reader may imagine. S. joined us a little later. He had had glorious fishing, and such famous trout—those big silvery-sided fellows, that make the sportsman's eyes sparkle. The day had so rapidly advanced that we found it necessary to move along without further delay, although we all yielded to the necessity with great reluctance. At two o'clock we had reached the head of Salmon Falls, where the boats were to be left, and, the team being there to take us to the village, we were forced to take our rods apart, and thus wind up the pleasantest week's fishing of my life.

At three o'clock we were at Mr. M.'s, where the salmon were that had been sent down.

These, with those we had with us, were all packed in shavings and ice in boxes on our express, and with the tent, cooking-gear, rods, and two heavy fellows fattened for a week on the choicest food in the land, made a load for old Dobbin that caused him to stagger in many places on the road home. Four o'clock found us all ready for a move, so, bidding our faithful guides adieu, but not till we had engaged them for the following year, we jumped into the waggon, and started for our homeward journey of 30 miles, finishing it, without a mishap, at midnight.

Of late years the Medway, located on the south-western part of Nova Scotia, has become a famous resort for salmon-fishermen. Many of the choicest pools have been bought, and club houses erected; but while the shoals of fish entering the stream are immense, beginning in February, the river is so miserably protected that poachers with drag-nets trap hundreds of them before and after they reach the first ground.* This, as a matter

* Mr. Pattillo's descriptions of his sport make one long to go out to Nova Scotia. What a pity such splendid water should be so poached!—R. B. MARSTON, Ed. *Fishing Gazette.*

of course, makes the fish scarce, and so frightened that they are slow to move. To any sportsman thinking of trying this stream, I would recommend, as first-class guides, Bernard McKenna, Peter Antony, both white, and Sol the Indian, all residing at Mill Village, Queen's County. Their charges are moderate. In closing this recital of a most enjoyable week's outing, I do so wishing that all my readers may have the like good fortune that was mine.

CHAPTER VI.

SHOOTING GEESE AND BLUE-WINGS ON THE PORT JOLI HARBOUR AND LAKES IN QUEEN'S COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA.

For at least twenty-five years every spring and autumn found me at the settlement of Port Joli, for a week's outing and shooting blue-wings, ducks, and wild geese on its harbour and lakes. Owing to the tide leaving the flats bare for miles, it was and is yet a famous resort for thousands of ducks, and the winter home of the largest Canadian goose, as well as the resting-place of thousands of the ordinary-flight geese on their way Northward in the spring. There are numbers of large ledges in the harbour over which, with favourable winds, the birds fly from the outer to the inner feeding-grounds. On such days I went with my

punt to some one of these, the wind deciding the selection. Then, after sending it to the shore with my yellow tolling retriever, I concealed myself behind the rocks, and was ready for business. I did not often have to wait long if I had been put on the ledge at the right time of the tide. From my position I could see them coming hundreds of yards, and was always ready, whether they went to windward or to leeward of me, so long as they were within shot. Sometimes they would come so directly at me and over me, that I would be obliged to throw up my gun to change their course. This was the time when I generally made the best shot. Ready, my faithful old setter, was right after them when they fell, always going for the wounded first and killing them, then landing the whole of them right at my feet. Many a day I have shot and secured twenty birds and upwards, not infrequently getting a fine chance at geese in their season. I spoke above of Ready being not only a "retriever" but a "toller." Now, many of my readers may not know what kind of a dog that is. I have met with men who have hunted many years

whom I could not persuade that a dog would toll duck up to them, until they have really seen it.

When Ready was fifteen months old, a gentleman, whose faith in the tolling powers of a dog was very weak, offered me $50 for him, after he and I had stopped and secured sixteen duck with our double shot out of a flock the dog had tolled fully 300 yards. This gentleman had come 150 miles to go with me on my outing, and during the journey I spoke of Ready's tolling qualities. He scouted the idea of a dog bringing birds—ducks to him. "Why, it is simply ridiculous! Who ever heard of the like? You are just stuffing me. A dog toll duck to him! I never saw one yet that the moment the duck, and particularly a blue-wing, got his eye on, that wouldn't get up and get quicker than scat. Now, tell that to the marines, but don't try to fool an old hunter with such froth!" ejaculated my friend. He was so excited over the ridiculous part of it, that I could not get in a word by way of explanation, so that all I could say in reply was, "Wait till we see some birds, and then I'll open your

eyes, and show you something you never dreamed of."

The following morning, after we reached Port Joli, we started out for a day's tramp and hunt, Ready with us, of course. After an hour's walk we spied a flock of two or three hundred blue-wings, about 300 yards from the shore, resting in a body. The morning was very calm, and there was a couple of inches of snow on the ground. When I spied that flock, I thought, "My old fellow, here is the chance for an eye-opener!" Well, by my direction we crept and sneaked as near to the water as possible, then concealed ourselves behind spruce trees, rested our guns over the branches, cocked and ready for the signal to fire. These precautions have all to be taken, as the least movement on the shore when the birds are close, reconnoitring, is fatal to success. Now I bade him watch the flock, while I sent Ready on to the beach to toll, the edge of the water being about 10 yards from us. "What do you see now, Mr. D.?" "They have all got their heads up." "What do you see now?" "Why, eight of them have left the flock, and

are coming for the shore as fast as they can swim." "What do you see now?" "Well, I declare, if there aren't about a hundred in another bunch coming!" By the time this latter body had come within 100 yards or so of the shore and stopped, the first eight had reached the shore, and were swimming up and down within 10 feet of Ready, and specially interested in him. At any time we could have knocked over a half-dozen of these, for they were directly under the muzzle, not 15 yards distant; but I knew there was something better in store for us, so I kept Mr. D. back from shooting.

After some ten minutes of moving up and down the shore, these spies or scouts, or whatever term suits you best, were satisfied there was no danger near. They went to the smaller bunch that was awaiting developments outside, and, after swimming in amongst them, evidently talking in duck language, the larger body was so convinced of the report given, "no danger," that they all came to the shore. When these did so, the largest body of the flock that was outside commenced to come also, so that it was a string of duck for 150 yards off.

I started Ready in with a lively movement as they approached the shore, and they were coming as fast as they could be drawn with a line, as unconscious of danger, as if all gunners were miles distant. When within about 20 yards of us, they divided into two bunches, which drew together. This was the time we were waiting for. I gave a whistle: up went their heads. The signal, "One! two!" was given, "Bang-bang-bang-bang!" Both our No. 10 double barrels were emptied into them. As a result, sixteen ducks were soon on the shore. Then it was he offered me $50 for my Ready.

"Well, well, well, I never dreamt of the like, and really thought you were gassing me!" he said. "Do you know what it is in Ready that makes them come to him, when I am sure they would have flown if a black dog had gone out to the beach?" he asked. I explain it in this way, which I think is the correct one: Nature, represented by its Creator, has made provision for every living thing. We are taught that the tiniest insect is fed, so by observation we know that the red fox—in fact, any fox—can go to the shore of a lake, where

there are duck, and, by jumping up and down, wagging his tail all the time, while he may even be rolling on the ground, then running up and down the shore, that he may attract attention, the inquisitive duck will approach so close that he can spring on it, and thereby secure his breakfast. Rather hard, you will say, on the duck, but all right for the fox! Now, by acting on this trick of the fox, and training a yellow dog to similar performances, which is easily done when one knows how, results similar to what I have recorded often follow. Talk about $50 for Ready! why, I would not have accepted $150 for him then. It is not every yellow dog that can be trained as he was, to toll first, and then retrieve. The most of them will toll very well for a time, but soon get so that they want to go in among the ducks. My dog was a cross of a thoroughbred English setter bitch and an Irish setter dog. I kept the old fellow until he was over twelve years old, and then he became so enfeebled with rheumatism that I had him chloroformed. I have shot more birds in a week at Port Joli by the aid of Ready, than all the local gunners have gathered

the whole season. I might just say here, that I have learned by experience that diving-fowl, like whistlers and shell-duck, will not toll excepting at the mating season, nor will the larger Canadian goose (known as the winter goose), but the ordinary-flight geese will, quite as well as ducks. Whenever in the future of my gunning cruises my dog is mentioned, it is Ready who will be meant. He was my constant companion, and travelled thousands of miles with me, even to the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains.

Besides the excellent bags made on the ledges, and the pot-shooting by tolling, the nearest lakes at times gave me splendid sport. All sportsmen know that ducks and geese, in flying to and from the lakes, follow the same routes daily, so that catching on to these ranges, I often got fine shots, dropping as many as half a dozen at a time. Before the tide drove them off the flats to the lakes, I would get as close to the shore as ambush would let me, and thereby often got within 30 yards as they were rising to go out over the high trees. I kept a small punt in one of the best feeding-lakes (Lewis), the general haunt of the

ducks when they went for fresh water and to wash and gravel. To catch them there, I had to be out on the lake with my boat concealed in rushes before daylight, as at the first ray of dawn large numbers that only feed on the harbour at night in September and October start for the lakes for the day. These went in large flocks, and, as soon as clear of the trees, would set their wings and sail down into the lake with great swiftness. The first morning there I failed to bring down birds, although having fine chances, simply because I misjudged their swiftness of flight, and stern-shot them; but I was not long in catching on. When I gave them from 6 to 8 feet windage according to distance, they came tumbling down in exciting numbers, but I dare not, when the birds were coming, put Ready out.

Often of a morning I secured six or eight shots, although many more flocks came; but, frequently as I would fire, another would be within sound of the report, and turn from me. After the birds were all in from the harbour, then I would pick up the dead ones, and send Ready on the scout for

the wounded. It was one of the most interesting features of the morning's sport to see him coming out of the rushes (it was a rush lake, and shoal) with two ducks at a time. When he captured a wounded bird he always killed it, and was ready for the next one. A wounded bird could not get away from him; for if it dived, the dog was under too; and I have often seen him dive when the duck did, and come up with it in his mouth. After he had scoured the lake, I would put him on the shore. Blue-wings, wounded, always land and hide in the woods, so Ready would follow the edge of the shore, and if a duck had landed he was soon found. I stopped six once among the lily-ponds, only one being killed. The five dived and sneaked ashore from the edge of the bed, but I sent Ready into the woods, and he brought me the whole in a very few minutes.

In some of these excursions to Lewis Lake I have shot so many that it needed three or more trips to the boat to get them all out. This lake was only three-quarters of a mile from the head of the harbour.

The first winter geese reach the harbour

in early December, and often at dusk and the early evening fly out into Path Lake, distant half a mile, to gravel and drink. It may not be generally known that every twenty-four hours the wild goose has to have drink and gravel; yet it is a fact, and they will frequent most unaccountable and most unlikely and exposed places in the winter to secure these.

One afternoon, just at dusk, I was with a companion on the western shore of the harbour, watching a body of geese that had arrived the day before, when they rose and went for Path Lake. That was an eye-opener for us, so we hurried to the house, and during the evening took our boat on a waggon and out to the foot of the lake for service the next night. We had to do this in a clandestine way, so as not to arouse the curiosity of local gunners, all of whom would have visited the lake had they "caught on" to our movements. The next day I tolled a fine shot at Maxwell's Brook, stopping and getting five ducks. Towards night we were at our boat, and went on to a wooded island at the head of Path. This lake was

three-quarters of a mile long, from 300 to 700 yards wide. Around this little island the geese gravelled and watered, then crept up on the rocks in the water near by to sleep. This performance we knew from previous visits to this spot; so after hauling the boat into the bushes, and fixing up our blinds where we expected them to come, we sat down to await developments. The full moon had come up over the trees, and it was a charming night, so we were very hopeful and expectant. Presently at the lower end of the lake we heard the goose-call, "Kahouk!" and knew that they were coming. My companion, a great mimic, replied. It was not long before we heard a great rushing in the water directly below the island, where they had lit to reconnoitre before swimming up to the gravel-bed. In the mean time they amused themselves by washing. Such a noise as there was convinced us there was a big flock. Right then we heard another "Kahouk!" away down the lake. More were coming. The old gander in the flock replied, and so did my companion. Soon they had settled amongst the others.

We were keeping a sharp look-out, as you

may imagine, when my companion whispered, "I see them swimming up. Don't you see them directly in front of us?" Sure enough there were as many as a dozen, and many more joining them. As my companion was the oldest hand at this business, I had given the arrangements into his hands to plan, and of course we both understood the signals. There they were by this time in front of us, a black mass, with their heads down under water after gravel, and their tails in the air, but working very close together, and only about 35 yards away. Our guns—mine a breech-loader No. 10, his a muzzle-loader No. 10—were both loaded with B shot. My companion said, "Be ready. They are so nicely together we won't get a better chance; besides, something might start them, so we'll try them. Wait till I get their heads up."

While they were gravelling, my sporting readers know there would always be some on the look-out, so he gave a shrill whistle, and every head was in the air. They were alarmed, and drew closer together. "Now give it to them! 'One! two!'" "Bang! bang! bang! bang!" "Kahouk! Kahouk!—ouk—ouk!"

"Kahouk!" everywhere; while out where they were gravelling lay seven, and in different parts of the lake we continued to hear the "ouks!" of our wounded birds. We soon had the dead ones in the boat, and took after some of the wounded, swimming with all their powers to get away. We gathered from their call there were at least four in the lake, so while my companion was rowing with all his strength, I directed him, and soon got up to one which I knew would have to be shot before we could hope to get him, as a pent-up goose will go under the water like a duck; so when we were within 25 yards of him I laid him over with a No. 1 cartridge,—and a beauty he was. We got no more that night, but expected to find them in the woods in the morning, with Ready's help. He was not with us on the island, so with our eight geese, a mortal load, we trudged off to the house.

The next morning found us very early on the lake-shore; but during the night a couple of inches of snow had fallen, which killed their scent. Nevertheless, the dog scented out one that had died after landing. The traces of

three others we found that had taken the brook leading from the foot of the lake to the harbour, and so for a time were lost to us, but not altogether, as that day we went out into the harbour and on to the ledges with Ready and captured two more there. Eleven birds at one shot was and is unusual luck. That night or the one following our shot, the shore of the lake was lined with gunners who had heard our cannonade, and I suppose came for our geese; but no others came that night, nor for several after. Our geese were wonderfully fine ones, none dressing under 8 lbs., while one weighed 10 and another 11. I have made some remarkable shots at blue-wings by moonlight, when they were feeding upon the tide towards the shore, as at night they huddle very close, each one being hard against his neighbour, and with their bills in the mud they make a noise that is deafening.

On one occasion, between sundown and dark, with the tide flowing, my companion (a young man of the settlement) and I observed some hundreds of birds feeding towards a point forming a creek, and judged by their movements they would pass close to the point, so

we went down on all-fours, and, taking advantage of little obstacles for shelter, were able to get behind a kind of dyke grown over with wild-rose-bushes without having been noticed. This made a first-class blind, and here we awaited developments. Fortunately, we were to leeward of them, and were safe in that respect. Blue-wings are very keen in their scent, as all sportsmen know, and cannot be approached to windward.

As they fed towards our blind, others were joining them constantly, until the body was immense. Often while they were out of range they would get their heads up to reconnoitre, offering such fine chances, if they had been near enough, and forcing the exclamations from us, "Oh, if they were only close enough! couldn't we slaughter them!" After patient watching and waiting, we were rewarded at dusk by their coming within 30 yards, and as thick as they could feed, but their heads were down. Our guns were all ready, if they didn't go back on us, as most sportsmen know by sad experience they are apt to do. John, my companion, gave a quack: up went a forest of necks. "Ready! One! two!" "Bang" went

two barrels, as they were setting; "bang," went the other two as they jumped, followed by dead ones by the dozen, very sick ones a great number, wing-broken ones not to be estimated, the whole making a great slaughter. As the water was not over our waders, we gathered the dead ones, and left to Ready the collecting of the wounded, most of which he got, killing them as he overtook them, and afterwards landing them. When this was done we had twenty-eight birds, and the next morning the dog got five more along the shore. This is such a large number that my readers, I fear, may think it exaggerated. Nevertheless, it is true.

We were only half a mile from the home of my companion, at which I was staying, but our game made two back-loads for each of us; and they were a pretty sight when they were all lying on one table. It was the greatest number ever gathered at Port Joli from one set of shot; but I did know of a resident there in the early settlement of the place, shooting and getting nineteen winter geese at one shot, when they were piled into a hole on the ice at the mouth of a small brook, drinking.

I had often been aggravated at seeing great bodies of geese and ducks in the harbour, without being able to get a shot at them by any device known to me then; so, after reading in a sporting magazine that they were in some shooting resorts successfully approached at night by lights, my companion and I decided to try it at Port Joli.

Having provided ourselves, at considerable expense, with a powerful reflector and lamp, attached to the inside of a box two feet square, we proceeded to the harbour, and attached it to the bow of a fisherman's dory. You will notice we did not want to take any advantage of our unsuspecting game, so put the light high, that they might see it afar. All the necessary preparations completed, as we supposed for the slaughter of a dory-load, we sneaked along in the shadow of the windward shore, until just opposite where we heard bodies of geese talking. Then we lit the light, and started before a fresh breeze down upon them. Great Scot! what a noise! A tornado or a dust-storm on the prairie only could equal the noise of the thousands of geese and ducks

as they rose all over the harbour, and started seaward with a velocity unequalled, at a break-wing speed, nor did they stop much short of the Gulf Stream, judging by the time they were gone before returning.

The next morning there was not a goose nor a duck to be seen. When they did come they sat in one place scarcely five minutes, acting as though they were expecting a reappearance of that phenomenon. Our non-success, we discovered, was from our short-sightedness. The moon was large and shining brightly, while we, supposing the light would be so bright as to place all behind it in impenetrable darkness—which it would, had there been no moon—sat bolt upright on our seats, ready for the devastation which we were not to commit.

I know now that the light is all right if used on a dark night—the darker the better; but the birds, either geese or ducks, must be approached slowly and from the leeward, by poling, not raising the pole out of the water. This precaution is necessary, as the ducks would smell you if to windward, and be constantly on the wing, thereby alarming the

geese, and making them restive. The other way I have had my boat poled up so near that their eyes could be seen—in fact, too close for big results. The ridiculous results of our first experience with the lamp afforded much amusement to the residents of the place, and many a joke on the strength of it was cracked at our expense. Whenever the subject was broached of getting upon the birds, the lantern experiment was resurrected. In another chapter a more successful hunt with the lamp is told.

I have great reason to remember one of my goose-hunts on this (Port Joli) harbour. With a companion from the town of Liverpool, 16 miles distant, we had a shanty built in the woods, half a mile from the shore and two miles from the head of the harbour on the western side, which was and is uninhabited. This being so near the shooting-grounds, we were saved much tramping, and were always near the haunts of the game. One morning late in March we went on to Denim's Point, and spied a large body of geese feeding 300 yards off. We watched them some time, and found they were inclined

to feed away, and to scatter; so when a bunch of nine fed together and in range, we levelled our rifles, one at 300, the other at 325 yards, and pulled, when over fell three dead. In my excitement, without giving the undertaking a thought, I caught up my shot and started for them. I had no difficulty in getting to the birds, and securing them, but in returning, I undertook a shorter way, which nearly cost me my life. I had proceeded about 75 yards on my return, when I slumped into a kind of quicksand, which let me down above my knees every step I took; but hoping to worry through it, I did not turn back, but found ere long that I was making slow progress, as I could not step along on account of the depth of mud, and at the same time was becoming weary. I saw at this stage it would be impossible to reach the shore with the load, so decided to stick the gun, a $50 one, in the mud, and leave it; then I could move with a little more freedom, but had taken only a few steps, when one of my waders left me, and very shortly after, the other, while my limbs were becoming chilled with that icy

water. My case was becoming desperate and alarming, so I was forced to let the geese go too. To make the matter more serious, the tide was rising fast. My companion was on the shore, nearly crazy, and I was still fully 100 yards away from him. He kept encouraging me to persevere, or I should have given up before. At last I found I was getting so weak that I could not, without help, reach the shore. I called to him that I could go no further, so then, with a stick, he started to my assistance, and when I had his shoulder to lean upon, I was encouraged, and could help myself more; besides, he had taken a course in getting to me where the mud was more solid, and when we got to that I could step better, and finally got on to firm ground. It was some little time after I sat down to rest before I could get strength enough to stand again, my companion rubbing my limbs all the while to induce circulation. Then after an hour's walk, leaning on his shoulder, we reached the hut—the most delightful spot my eyes ever rested upon. Pat (my companion) was not long in getting a roasting fire on, and getting

my frozen socks and clothes off and changed. Then he started for the settlement to get a team to convey me there. I went to the house of the friend with whom I always stayed, and there remained for three days before being able to proceed to my home. My gun was diligently sought after for many days, but was never found to my knowledge, nor were the waders. Two of the geese were picked up by parties who knew they were mine and very kindly brought them to me.

I could fill a book with the recitals of the very pleasant as well as perilous adventures I had in the many years Port Joli was made my gunning resort; but these must suffice, with the addition, further on, of the story of hunting moose on snow-shoes in March in its backwoods. Just here I might be permitted to say that all the neighbouring lakes and brooks therefrom into the harbour teem with fine sea trout, of which at every outing I varied my pleasure by taking large catches. Parting here with the scenes of most pleasant memory, I would recommend any one wanting a fortnight's outing, combining fishing and shooting, to go to Port Joli. Make Simon

Douglas's your home, and take his son John as your guide. In the autumn there are duck, goose, woodcock, and curlew shooting, besides a splendid back country filled with moose at the calling season. With John Douglas as a guide, you are almost sure of luck. In fact, I think I would be safe in guaranteeing it.

CHAPTER VII.

CATCHING THE ALBACORE, OR HORSE-MACKEREL.

During the summer and autumn large bodies of herring and mackerel frequent the harbours of Nova Scotia, pursued thither by their relentless foes the albacores, sometimes called the horse-mackerel, from their great resemblance to the mackerel—in fact, they are considered to belong to that family. If my readers have seen a mackerel, and, moreover, hooked one with a jig and line, they can conjecture, from the smartness of the ordinary mackerel, what kind of sport an over-grown one of 600 lbs., fastened to hook and line, would be likely to afford. Certainly he would be no plaything. I have helped to capture them in fish-traps 11 feet long and as big as a vinegar-cask. When these fish are

among the shoals of small fish, they rush and leap out like salmon and pollock, and are so ravenous they are often dangerous to fishermen picking their nets, as they rush from beneath the boats after the fish falling out of them. Albacores, though not generally eaten by Englishmen, yet are very nice eating, and are more highly prized by Portuguese and Spaniards than any other fish they take, and sell for the highest prices.

Prompted by the desire for a little excitement, a friend and I decided to attempt the capture of one of them. As we knew the gear required must be first-class, we procured two of what in fishing parlance are called 18th hemp cod-lines, each 32 fathoms long. Then we had a hook made for each out of steel three-eighths thick, 8 inches wide, with a 3-inch shank, and long heavy beard. With our lines attached to swivel-reels to run them on and off, we felt we were equipped for the expected spree, so, having secured a stiff medium low boat, we proceeded one morning quite early to the netting-ground. There we found the nets well fished, and knew by that our game would be on hand.

We procured a number of herrings with which to bait them up, and then lay on our oars, awaiting developments. Presently one of the fishermen called out, "Halloa, boys! here's a fellow!" meaning an albacore, followed by a shout from another and still another, that they were about their boats; so we slowly moved outside the range of the boats, throwing over a herring every few yards to toll them along with us. When we considered we were far enough away, we took the precaution to secure the reel to the thwart, for we were a bit afraid of the fish we expected to grapple with. Then I threw over a herring, to see if there were any albacores near us, and to our delight a monster rushed for it just under the surface, so I threw another loose one and another attached to the hook. He rushed for the first one, whirled and took hold of the other, and we had hold of him. Then for a few minutes we had a good imitation of the antics of a wild prairie horse when first haltered. He jumped his full length out of the water, which gave us a very vivid idea of the monster we were attached to; then he started at an awful pace across the harbour.

The line was running out swiftly, so that we had to move as quickly to get it into the notch in the stern, which we had wisely thought to make. Then I seized an oar and placed it for steering, while we both got positions to trim the boat. What we feared was that, when he had run all the line out, if the boat was motionless, something might break; so to obviate that, my friend succeeded in grasping the line partially, and thereby gradually starting the boat, while I helped by sculling, so that by the time it was all off the reel, she was moving faster than ever she did before, and it is doubtful if she ever did after. The fish kept up the pace for at least ten minutes, towing us directly into the harbour; then he made a jump, turned, and took us straight back for the fishing grounds. The men in their boats had been watching us with great interest, not supposing for a moment they were to have any part in it, but when they saw us going directly for them, the shouting and hooting and swearing that suddenly started from them would have been laughable to any disinterested spectators, but we could see plainly that, if he continued the course he

was then taking us, nothing short of a collision with one or more of the boats would follow, and the most of them were half loaded with herrings.

The way those fellows were shouting was as if Pandemonium were let loose, and tended somewhat to disconcert us. The nearer we approached them, the greater the peril seemed of sinking by contact one or both of our boats, so I jumped with my knife to free him, but in the rush to do so my foot slipped, and I went headlong on top of my mate, and my knife flew out of my hand—confusion worse confounded. Before we could disengage ourselves, the boats came together with a heavy crash, filling the other's and washing a lot of their herrings overboard. This additional drag caused the albacore to spring again, when, to save ourselves from being all thrown overboard, one of the men cut the line. The first salute we poor fellows got was, "You d—d fools!" followed by language not altogether classical English, nor yet pure Anglo-Saxon, having a large percentage of the swear element in it. After their first ebullition was over, we got into a hearty laugh over the ridiculousness of

the affair; then they baled their boat out, and went on with their work.

We poor disgruntled fellows rowed around among the other boats, finishing up the first part of the spree with roars of laughter. Of course, after the danger was over, the whole affair appeared so funny that we all had to shout and halloa or burst.

Our freed albacore paraded himself all over the harbour, jumping dozens of times, with the line still attached to him, all through that day. In the course of an hour, by seeing these big fellows rushing about us in the bay, the sporting temperature rose again, and we decided to try our other line on another fellow. The fishermen hesitated to supply us with bait, fearing a repetition of the same peril, if we got fast into another. After a little coaxing, we got what we wanted, and started off shore, occasionally throwing a herring as we went. When we thought ourselves out of danger limit, we stopped, got the gear into shape for immediate action, if necessary, not knowing then if there were any fish near.

This was soon decided when I stood up and

threw over a herring, for it scarcely struck the water before it was grabbed. Then I threw over the baited hook, and he seized it just as fiercely; and this second fellow was fast, rushing and jumping even more fiercely than the first. He began towing us directly away from the boats for some time. To make his speed less rapid, we crossed our oars and held back water, which acted like a drag. Suddenly, like his predecessor, he turned at right angles to the current he had been following, and led us in that direction fully ten minutes, then took a range leading directly for the boats. Up to this time we did not feel at all anxious—apart from the long row that seemed before us when he was leading off shore. Now, however, there appeared to be evil in his eye, and if he should take us up there this time, the results might be much more serious than before, for the boats were all deeply loaded.

What was to be done? While we were trying to plan some feasible way out of it, and at the same time save our fish, he made a leap out, and fell very heavily, thus showing he was weakening, and from that time we found

the boat was moving more slowly, and we therefore became very hopeful. As we looked in shore, the men had their hats off, and were gesticulating fiercely, giving us to understand we ought to cut him free, which we would probably have done had we not noticed his faltering. The speed of the boat kept slackening very fast, so much so that in a short time we were able to gather in the line to within a few fathoms of him. He had towed us to within 150 yards of the fishermen, when suddenly he stopped short. We hauled up the line, and the fish with it. What a beauty! Ten feet long, weighing 600 lbs. We soon had a rope through his gills, and towed him to the shore in through the boats. The men and boys came to see him after their nets were picked, and helped us haul him on the beach, and finished by giving three cheers, which made us feel like heroes. Our cranky friends of the collision had long ere this got over their pet, and all enjoyed a hearty laugh over the exciting time. "Hang it!" said an old chap, "we were getting worked up when you were coming right for us again, as we would have been in a bad plight, with our

boats all loaded down, if the scamp had got you there." We had had all the sport there was to be obtained out of the fish, so we gave his body to the men who had lost their herrings through us, thus reimbursing them well, as the fish was worth at least $20. If any of my readers are at any time on our Nova Scotian shore, and are seeking sport, they can have it equal to that enjoyed on the Pacific Coast in the capture of the albacore. This fish is so voracious that it is no trouble to bait him up, but see that your gear is good, and don't fear he will eat you, if by chance he should haul you overboard. He does not fight long, but he means business while at it.*

* I have not the slightest doubt that Mr. Pattillo's very exciting account of his albacore-fishing in this chapter will induce anglers to visit Nova Scotia, to fight the albacore with rod and line; just as they go now to Catalina Island to catch tuna, a fish of the same species.—R. B. M.

CHAPTER VIII.

A PERILOUS AND EXCITING ADVENTURE ON THE MEDWAY RIVER AT BANG'S FALLS.

I HAD been having one of those successful and enjoyable experiences on the head waters of the Medway, at the foot of Ponhook Lake, in the third week in June, elsewhere related in this book, when business required me to go, one afternoon, to a small settlement four miles below Greenfield, known to all fishermen on that river as Bang's Falls. The pool which gives this place its name is amongst the choicest of the many excellent ones on that stream. The water is deep, the river not wide, and there are many resting-places for salmon after facing the long heavy rapids just before. The Falls themselves may be said to be double, the water dropping furiously over a first reef on to a lap-reef below, then rushing

on over a second reef, and forming a surging, boiling mass below.

But one boat up to the time of the incident here related had been known to successfully run these Falls. Thinking I could probably hook some salmon in the pool, I took my rod with me, with the view of fishing after the work was completed. So about five o'clock, the man with whom my business was, knowing I wished to fish, sent his hired man, who was accustomed to go in the boat with sportsmen, to pole her on to the ground, and also his son, a lad of twelve years, to attend the killock. Thus equipped, the prospects for good sport were very promising, but I was soon reminded that—"the best-laid plans of mice and men gang aft aglee." I found on the shore, about 75 yards above the Falls, an unusually large boat for a river-boat—in fact, she was an old discarded ship's boat, and altogether out of place to be poled about on such a stream. However, she was daily used in this way, and the question in my mind was, why not now? So I stepped on board with my assistant, and we were soon moving toward the pool.

Upon the shore, just below where we started, I noticed three Indians and three white men, also a canoe in front of them. The wind was blowing heavily down the river; in fact, that appeared to be the only drawback to getting fish, as it would make it difficult to cast my fly. But eager fishermen wink at such obstacles, and are always hopeful, so we continued towards what I was made to believe was the best part of the pool, but approaching the head of the Falls too closely for my idea of the best fishing spot, so I remarked two or three times, "I think the killock should be dropped," but was met with the reply, "We want to go a little further yet." At last I got desperate, and told the boy to throw it over, and at once began fishing, my whole thought being riveted on the fly, supposing, as a matter of course, the boat was all right, as there were two to look after her. Presently my attention was called to a shout from the shore, "Your boat is dragging over the Falls!" I was not long taking in the whole situation, for at that moment we were dangerously near them, almost at the head of the receding rushing waters. The young man was using

the pole to force the boat up the stream, or hold her where she was, but without avail, and the killock was still down.

The thought flashed over me that we were in a fair way of repeating, with our lives, a very sad occurrence which had happened three weeks before at Salter's Falls, four miles above Mill Village, on this river, by which a merchant of Halifax, N.S., who had come up for a few days' fishing, had lost his life. He was staying at a house near this fishing-pool, and had on Saturday afternoon started several salmon that would not take. So early on Sunday morning, when the wind was blowing down strongly, he got up and went out to fish. The boat was found under the dam, held there by her killock, which was above it, and his body some distance below. He had evidently been fishing, and so intently that, like myself, he did not know his danger until it was right upon him, and, being inexperienced, did not know how to act. His boat had dragged, like ours, went stern first over the capping of the Falls, and dropped, held by the killock, under the falling water until she filled and he was swept out.

Now, my reader, you can imagine somewhat my state of mind at that moment of such peril in my own case, when the sad experience just related was fresh before me. Fortunately for us all, I was self-possessed, took the situation in, and knew and saw what was to be done if it could be done. The first thought was that mooring-rope. How I got my knife out, opened, and cut the rope, I shall never know; but it was done, and the knife was found open in the bottom of the boat afterwards. Then I jumped aft, caught the pole from the young man, who was completely dazed with fear and had stopped working, put it over the stern at an angle which checked the boat's sternway somewhat, and made her bow fall off, thus bringing her partly across the stream. By this time we were just above the heavy rolling water, and I shouted, "Jump to windward and seize the gunwale, and hold on for your lives!" doing the same thing myself. And not one instant too soon was it done; for if our weight had not been there to counterbalance that of the boat as she was swept off the crest of the Falls, she would have overturned, and probably we

should all have been drowned. Instead of this, she fell on her side again at the lap cliff at the foot of the first fall, splitting her, as sailors say, fore and aft; for she was split from the fore thwart to the stern, but, fortunately for us, righted at once before filling entirely. In the mean time, as we were approaching rapidly the second fall, I made good use of the pole, and got her squarely across the stream, so that the whole of the boat would tumble at once. The second drop, not being nearly so great, strengthened our courage; besides, the men on the shore were encouraging us, and the Indians with their canoe were running down with it to where they could get off to us the readiest if it became necessary. Well, we went down over the second fall, which completed the splitting, and filled her with water. I was able to get her in this condition to a little island about 75 yards distant, when the Indians came and took us to the shore. I heard afterwards the old boat was so completely shattered that she was not again used. This was my first experience at Bang's Falls, and it was my last; and even now, after a lapse

of twenty years, the scene comes up so vividly before me as to cause a shudder. I sat on the shore for fully an hour, taking in the exceedingly perilous position from which we had escaped, and while doing so, the residents of the settlement, hearing of the mishap, came to the shore. It was freely expressed that the same thing might occur very many times there without its ending so favourably, and I felt the truthfulness of the statement myself, feeling grateful we had escaped with our lives.

CHAPTER IX.

SHOOTING IN THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST.

It was my good fortune to be located at Calgary, N.W.T., in the years 1890 and 1891. At that time game of all kinds was so abundant that it was conceded to be the "Sportsman's Paradise," which title was by no means a misnomer. Canadian and wavy geese by the tens of thousands made the stubble-fields their feeding-ground, and the lakes their resting-places. Myriads of ducks in endless variety fed in the pond-holes and lakes, as well as on the prairie, while prairie-chickens in large flocks abounded in every direction. Then the jack-rabbit was so plentiful that he became a nuisance to the hunter after better game. Those in pursuit of larger game could find it in the shape of antelope, prairie wolf, at least three different kinds of deer, elk,

bear, etc.; so that any one starting on an outing was reasonably sure of securing a good-sized bag, even if he shut both eyes when he fired.

On Monday, September 28, 1891, I left Calgary for a week's shooting at Red Deer Lake and vicinity. This was 12 miles from the town, and not much frequented by sportsmen on account of its distance. When approaching the house of the friend with whom I was to stay, I noticed in a field, a few hundred yards away, a large flock of wavy (white) geese, and a larger one of Canadian, feeding on the dropped wheat; so I rushed my horse into the yard, scarcely taking time to unharness him, and, having persuaded my country friend to take his gun and accompany me, we moved off in quick-march pace towards the game.

The ground being very level, as is a very large portion of the prairie, to get within shot of them we had to go down on all-fours and creep. There is a great knack in this performance which unskilled hands know not of. Most hunters, and many of them old ones at that, are so anxious to see how successful

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they are in approaching the game, that they raise their heads while creeping, which almost always causes alarm. I found by experience the best way was to take marks on the line on which you wished to creep before starting, having a special one where you wanted to stop, then creep for your first mark, head down, but steady, carrying your gun along with each movement of the right or left arm, then from the first to the next, and so on to the last. Now, if there has been no sound of rising birds, you may be reasonably sure of being within shot, as geese and ducks have great curiosity when they see any undefined thing approaching them, and will sit with their heads erect even within danger-limit. Now, to raise one's head at such a time means certain failure, as they would be up and off. Instead of doing so, at this juncture I cock both barrels—presuming, of course, my gun is a double one—sometimes lowering myself and shooting from full length, as at rifle-target practice, or, sitting on my haunches, open fire from that position. My reader will pardon this digression, and we will return to the start off after those geese.

I was clad in a hunting suit of dry grass colour, while my companion's was not unlike it, so, after sneaking along, with a fence between us and the game, for a couple of hundred yards, we gradually settled on to all-fours, and crept up to the fence without disturbing them; but we were then fully 80 yards away—too far for a successful shot, so we lay stretched out at full length, awaiting developments, hoping, of course, they would feed towards us. Now, my friend had a very eccentric neighbour, an old country bachelor, who thought he owned all creation, or, at least, had a claim on it, and was unwilling that others should have what he could not. He had evidently seen those geese as soon as I did, for they were on his property, and he had been watching our movements, as we noticed him going towards his house shortly after we started. By the time we had reached the fence, we looked up the field and saw a steer coming towards the geese, and could see that old scamp—pardon me for the contemptuous term, but it is the correct one—walking alongside of him, but concealed from the birds, thus hoping, as he did, to start

them and spoil our shot. Wasn't he a generous soul? I know what every sportsman will say if he puts himself where I was. Well, did he succeed? We'll see. He got so near with his cattle-blind that, had he been generous enough to own a gun, and not too cowardly to fire it, he would have had a splendid chance, as he got within 35 yards of them before they stopped feeding and raised their heads. How I wanted, just then, to be standing where he was; but he kept the steer moving, and so they had to raise, and circled right towards us. "Look out now! Be ready! They are coming too close." So just as they cleared the fence about 10 feet above it and about 15 yards distant, I threw up my gun and shouted, when they turned from us and huddled together, not suspecting any danger till then. This was our time, and we embraced it, unloading the four No. 10 barrels into them. Down fell seven shot, and within 200 yards four more, while still another 100 yards further away was added twelve birds, four white and eight Canadian or grey geese.

Weren't we proud? The old bach had done us the greatest favour possible, of which we

showed our appreciation by dangling some of the birds at him as we walked abreast of him on his way back. We got him so mad, he left his steer and took a different route, so as to escape our serenading. The geese were beauties, and so heavy and fat, we were forced to make a second trip to get them to the house. You can readily understand that geese fed for weeks and months on the fallen wheat they find among the stubble could not be otherwise than fat, and to be at all presentable and attractive for market, must be picked when warm. After they are cold, every feather drawn takes the fat with it, and they present the appearance of having had smallpox. To have these keep till the end of my outing, they were picked and drawn, then filled with charcoal and pepper. With this precaution I have kept game sweet for a month.

To show how bitter our bachelor neighbour was, the next morning I shot a chicken on the wing, that fell just inside his fence, and he forbade me going after it, nor would he allow the dog, but picked it up himself, and took it to his house. I spoke of his using a

steer as a blind to get to the geese, which is the method used by all the farmers. They will not allow a horse to approach them, but a cow or ox can walk up to and in among them, and this fact is taken advantage of by training an animal, which is soon done, and then having a suit the colour of it; the farmers can thus have all the geese they want. The geese leave the lakes at the first appearance of daylight for the fields, and sometimes fly 10 and even 15 miles to their usual feeding-grounds. About ten o'clock they return to the lakes to wash and sleep; then again at four o'clock they start for their evening meal, returning at dusk. In their flight they take the same route continuously until disturbed, so that the sportsman, taking advantage of this habit, and using proper precaution, has many an hour's splendid shooting.

When they go to the lakes in the forenoon, they wash, then seek the shore, where, with their heads under their wings, they sleep, while the sentinels of the flocks, the ganders, do the watching, and yet with all their precaution, many of them bite the dust. This digression has been made in order that my

general readers may the better understand, not only the wild geese, but the hunter's methods of capturing them.

The next morning after our field exploit, I persuaded my country friend to go with me to the lake (Red Deer), a shoal, rush lake, a mile and a half long, and half a mile wide, located three quarters of a mile from his house. What a sight met our eyes! It was literally full of ducks of many kinds—the beautiful mallard and plump little teal being very conspicuous, while my old Nova Scotian friend, the blue-wing, held quite an important place. There was a peculiarity about all the ducks out West, that I never found in any other place —their apparent indifference to the report of the gun. There, the more gunners on a lake, the better the sport, as it does not drive them away, but merely keeps them moving, while ordinarily in other countries, after the report, every duck leaves the neighbourhood as fast as feathers can carry him. The border of this lake at each end was covered with rushes eight feet or more high, and as stout as corn, and quite impenetrable, so that to use them for shelter and to shoot from them

successfully, tracks had to be cut, which we discovered others before us, on shooting bent, had done. Now, to get any shooting, it was necessary to have those fowl on the wing, so I procured something that might in inexperienced parlance be called a punt. It had neither form nor comeliness, nor yet any bearings, as I found by sad experience; was about eight feet long; had probably been planned by a person who had read about but never seen the thing called a boat. It would not carry two, and scarcely float one, but I made bold to venture in it, from the knowledge that the water in this lake was not over Ready's back. When I was on it the water was only five inches clear, so that all my movements had to be like sitting on eggs. Well, eventually I got off into the lake, and began bombarding the birds, as they went up and down by me, while my friend, whom I had left on the shore among the rushes, was having a full share of the good things. After a time, I landed in a bunch of rushes about the middle of the lake, and hauled the punt's bow into it. The water amongst these rushes was about 8 inches deep, and the bottom

quite hard, so that with my rubber waders I could kneel down and be concealed. In this way I secured several fine shots at passing birds. Ready was on the shore with my friend, and I could and did use the punt to pick up mine.

I had just returned to my concealment, when I saw a flock of mallards flying up the lake, so I squatted in the boat, but they turned from me, so I kept still, waiting for a chance. Without any warning, I heard a "Kahouk!" behind me, and knew, by the direction of the sound, they were coming directly over me. "Oh, my! if I were only out of this thing!" came involuntarily from my lips; but there was no time for regrets. I gradually raised my head, so as to get a glimpse of them and their whereabouts. What a sight! Fully two hundred grey geese coming right over me, about 25 yards up, with their wings set for lighting. I cocked both barrels, and just as I saw their shadow pass me, I threw up my gun. What consternation it produced! Evidently, with their eyes fixed on where they were going to light, they had not taken me in, and the motion of raising

my gun was the first intimation of danger. Then they all got in a heap, going in and out through one another, and all had apparently found their voices, judging by their noise. This kind of a chance I had often talked about and longed for, and here it was right before me. Besides my friend on shore, others had arrived after my leaving, and all were watching to hear my gun, and to see the geese tumbling by the dozen. Well, why didn't they? Don't be impatient, and I will give you the secret. When I threw up my gun, I had to lean back a little to line up the sight, in doing which I lost my equilibrium, and over the old trap (punt) went, landing me in the water on the broad of my back, with both barrels full of water, while the geese, poor rescued things! were making good their escape. On the shore they were puzzled to know why I didn't fire. "What a chance! What a chance! Why don't he fire? Well, well, well! What is the matter? His gun must be all right, for he has been shooting right along." While all this wondering was going on, could they have seen me floundering around, trying to get my big waders out

of that trap, so that I could turn over and get myself and gun out of the water, they would have had merriment to their hearts' content, as they did afterwards, when I was telling the mishap. I could do nothing but laugh at the ridiculousness of my position, and am inclined to laugh now, as I see myself kicking about there in the water on Red Deer Lake. I hope, gentle reader, you will be sufficiently considerate to not even smile at my mishap. Just think of my unenviable position and condition there and then, and heave me a sigh of sympathy. Oh, do, like the generous soul that I know you are!

Well, I got out of that dilemma and got to the shore as quickly as it was possible in my unworkable apparel, not even stopping, after landing, to bid the old mischief-maker a final adieu, but left her, hoping the next fellow that sailed in her might have a similar happy experience to mine. You see, I was not even inclined to be selfish! Well, to end up this morning's sport I was forced to do penance by walking in my stockinged feet from the shore of the lake to the house, with my back heavily laden with thirteen ducks, six mallards, four

teals, and three blue-wings, with the waders added. My friend was also loaded, having secured as many as he could carry. The road was much longer returning to the house, and I wished for my pony a great many times to help me out, for I was completely done up. After a change of apparel, followed by a roasted wild-goose dinner, and a couple of hours' sleep, I was as good as new, and ready for the lake again; but we had planned in the morning to be on the route of the geese from the lakes in the afternoon, so, with the horse and waggon, we started at three o'clock, taking a spade and shovel to dig pits for the following morning's use.

After driving about three miles, we spied a flock on the wing crossing over a fence some 400 yards away, so we halted and tethered the horse, then concealed ourselves under the waggon, for we knew the flock we had seen was the precursor of others, as was afterwards proved. As many as fifteen flocks within half an hour passed on the same course. When we were assured the ground was clear for work, we approached the range, and dug two pits, 60 yards apart, the one a little to the east of

the other, as the birds came from the west. The pits had to be large enough to allow us to sit down, and we had to be more than cautious that we left no new ground in sight, as the grey goose is a grand detective, and will not come within range of anything strange to him. In order the better to deceive them, we went some distance away and pulled stubble, placing it around and about the pits. This done, we felt satisfied there was some fun ahead for us.

The next morning, some time before daylight, Dobbin was harnessed and we were on the move, leaving Ready behind, as we had no way of concealing him. The horse was left some distance away, tethered, and we were in our blinds just at the peep of day. We were scarcely placed when I saw a flock on the horizon sailing towards us. "Look out, Harry!" (that was my companion's name). "There is a flock coming direct for us." As they approached they were so low and so near, only about 25 yards away, we could not make an effectual shot, so I threw up my gun and they rushed together, swerving towards Harry. When they were quartering, my trusty old gun

saluted them, and down came four. The shot sent them right over Harry's pit, so that he hadn't an extra chance, yet he stopped the "houk!" of the old gander, which saluted him as he went over, and also landed low a goose for a company-keeper. "Harry, here comes another flock! Get ready!" Scarcely had he got the word when eleven came along, but turned to the north when 45 yards distant. They drew together, and I fired, dropping one dead and wing-breaking another. Eight birds were down out of two flocks, which was extra luck. By the time I was ready, three flocks were heading for us, all unsuspicious of danger, but, as they came within 150 yards, seemed inclined to edge off, probably had seen the geese lying on the ground. But our wing-broken friend had heard the "houk!" and, wanting companionship, answered. This turned the first flock right upon us, and they went along between us, three more biting the dust, while a fourth one which had left the flock, by which we knew he was badly hurt, went tumbling headlong to the ground, 350 yards distant. Harry was not satisfied with the result of his shot, so kept watching the flock, to see if any

others would fall. "By Jove!" I heard him exclaim; "another one has just fallen short out of the flock, and I have got him marked." When we fired the last shots, the flocks accompanying that fired at turned short to the north and continued their course a long way off. The next flock also flew shy of us, but presently I spied five on the range for us, so I gave the alarm. Peeping over the edge of the pit, I noticed the wounded one had walked up beside one of the dead geese, and was lying with his neck stretched out along the ground, as if caving in. No sooner, however, did he hear the familiar "Houk!" than he replied, standing bolt upright, when the five made straight for him, and would have settled, but just as they were in the act, the chance was so tempting that I had to let them know I was there, and did so at the expense of three of them. As they did not see me, for they were on the right some 30 yards, the two remaining flew a short distance away, then circled and started to come back to their dead companions, passing within a perilously short distance of that hard-hearted Harry, who actually stopped my chance of another shot at them by dropping

one with each barrel. This was such wonderful luck that we had to halloa—couldn't help it. Such special luck was making us drunk with excitement. Neither of us had ever even approached it. The ground all about was dotted with dead and crippled geese, and the poor old broken-winged chap hopped about when he saw the five geese coming so near him, as though able to get up and go along with them; yet he didn't.

Nor was this the end of our morning's sport—not at all. There were several more fat fellows on which we had a mortgage to foreclose, and I spied them in the distance coming right for us, but they evidently saw our dead geese lying round, and became suspicious, turning or changing their direction of flight from us. Our old gander was on hand, however, to help them into the scrape. When he saw them, he spoke, and the leader of the flock answered, at the same time turning towards him; but, whether from his high position he saw any movement of mine in the pit, which caused him again to change his course, I know not, but something did. Yet while he led the flock by, out of my

range, he was only about 50 yards away from Harry, who drew a bead on him, and down came Number 4 in the flock, fighting every inch of the way to keep up; but his body was too heavy for him. His second barrel knocked out the old "houker" completely, and he struck the ground with a thud. We found afterwards a double "B" had gone up through his brain and another into his gizzard.

This, we expected, would bring the battle to an end, for the sun was coming up; but we had noticed that all the birds we had yet seen were grey geese, while in the flight the afternoon before were several flocks of wavies, so we were encouraged to think there were still more in reserve for us. Right now I seem to hear some of my over-scrupulous readers say, "Those chaps weren't sportsmen; they were slaughterers. Such shooting as that wasn't sport—nothing but slaughter!" Well, I once heard a crank talk in that strain, who was with me afterwards plover-shooting, and when we had bagged nearly a hundred, I suggested we ought to stop, as we had enough, but his "crankship" had not had enough. The sport was too keen and exciting. While he

was a participator, a cart-load was not too many; but when he heard of others having equally good luck, then it was slaughter? You have met such people, I presume. Don't you be one of them.

Now, after this digression let us go back to the pits before the wavies get along, as they are very restive in the lakes now, and we may expect to see them soon. Harry hailed me, "Had we not, while the horizon is clear, better gather up some of the birds, and put them in the pits?" As it seemed wisdom to do so, we were soon stowing them out of sight, at the same time keeping our eyes in the distance, so as not to be taken by surprise, if there were others to come. We left one goose with our wounded tollers, and got back into the pits. All this while not a sign of a goose was seen, and we had about concluded to go home when Harry called out, "There they come, a big flock of wavies, a little to the west of the course of the greys, but they are making in this direction, and we may get a shot." Now, a wavy goose is not nearly so keen in sight nor so shy as his neighbour the grey, consequently he oftener gets into

trouble. This flock came along without a call, and in fine range for a shot for each of us, when the *toller* spied them and spoke, in his misery wanting company, and he soon had it. In answer to the call they set their wings, and would have actually lit alongside of him had I allowed them. They came where Harry had a poor chance, for the wounded goose was to the left of me, having walked some distance in that direction after we placed him, and the wavies inclined towards him, so that unless the unforeseen happened, he would not have been in it. They were now within 30 yards of me, with wings set and feet down ready to light. This brought them so low, I had to rise above the pit. In doing so I gave a shout which produced "bedlum and hoodlum" too, for they were so startled at the unexpected, they got terribly mixed up, which my shooting did not help, for I sent both charges through them at a 35-yards' range, and counted seven lying on the ground as the result, with three others within a short distance that had fallen.

Now, those foolish fellows were not satisfied with my reception, but evidently were curious

to know what those that had fallen to the ground were doing. They had flown some 200 yards away when they circled and came around within range of Harry, when he tumbled two more. This seemed to satisfy them, and they continued their flight to the fields. Harry spoke, "Hie! Look out! There are a lot more coming." And sure enough, there must have been three hundred wavies in sight, in different flocks. We watched them anxiously, and they were coming for us splendidly, when all of a sudden the leading flock must have seen the dead birds, for they turned at right angles directly across the flight of all the others, which also turned and passed by us more than 200 yards distant. "Good for you, old chaps!" we were forced to say, and although I was disappointed in a shot, yet from my heart I was glad. We waited some time longer without any more appearing, then gathered up those on the ground, got the horse, and went for those we saw fall in the distance, which we found with two others that had fallen unobserved. Then we loaded up the waggon—and it was loaded—thirty-three greys and thirteen wavies. A most wonderful

morning's sport. Only once in all my shooting did I have as great success, and that was at Fox Harbour, Nova Scotia, when a companion and myself, in separate ice-boats, shot on the wing thirty-eight Canadian geese in an afternoon. This incident will be found in the recital of a week's outing at Wallace Harbour, Nova Scotia, elsewhere in the volume.

With our waggon-load we returned to the house, well satisfied to give the birds and ourselves a rest the remainder of the day. The farmers in the neighbourhood heard of our wonderful success, and came to see them, and as most of these had no appliances for getting game, we presented each of them with a goose, which was very pleasing to them, as well as most gratifying to us.

Harry knew a lagoon some five miles distant, celebrated for duck-shooting at sundown, so we decided to vary the programme, and drive to it the next afternoon. We reached the spot shortly before dusk, and found some thirteen others ahead of us. From one of these, an old attendant there and a genial fellow, I found what had to be done to have the best sport. Advised by him, I went

out about 40 yards from the shore, where the water was a foot deep, and the wild rice and rushes abound, forming quite a shelter. He also supplied me with an old soap-box, with legs attached, so that I could sit when I wished. Ready was left on the shore with Harry, and from there gathered up the birds. As sundown approached, the others distributed themselves up and down the lagoon, and evidently, from the amount of shooting that night, those we had met were only a modicum of the number. There was a complete fusillade from the time the ball opened till quite dark. A continuous "Pop! pop! pop! pop! pop! pop!" the whole length of the water, and, judging by our success, hundreds of ducks must have fallen that evening. As fast as we could load the birds were there for us to shoot at, but we made quite a few misses, arising from ducks of different flight coming. I think every mallard I levelled on came down, but not always short, while the swift little teal and the blue-wing escaped me several times.

What I noticed that surprised me was the indifference of the birds to the reports. Those we missed, as well as those that got past when

we were loading, would fly a few yards distant, and drop into the rice-beds like the English snipe. I was told that these birds which we had been shooting at singly came from the prairie every evening at the same time as on that night, starting from wherever they were. They feed on the plains all day on grasshoppers, beetles, and bugs of all kinds, then start for the water in the lagoon and surrounding lakes at that time of day. During the night they gather into flocks, and those that had the shooting then generally had fine sport, as we were told. Dusk had come upon us, and still the air was full of birds, but it had become a chance shooting, and therefore no pleasure, so I picked up the box and sought the shore. I found Harry had nineteen, while my pile panned out sixteen, most of them mallards, with a sprinkling of teal and blue-wing. At nine o'clock we were back at the house, greatly delighted with the afternoon's excitement. The game was accumulating so fast that Harry proposed, and I appreciated it, that, in addition to the geese already given to his neighbours, we should send them each a pair of ducks, which was done the next

morning, not even overlooking the old country bach.

We were not very early on the move next day, but about nine o'clock walked to the lake, largely with the view of trying for a shot at the geese when on the shore. It was apparently just as full of ducks as on the first morning we were there, but we were getting so satiated with ducks we did not make any effort to get them, until a flock of blue-wings settled in the water directly in front of where Harry and I were sitting at the edge of the bushes. In these I became greatly interested to know if they would toll in the North-West as well as in Nova Scotia, so, without taking any precaution to conceal ourselves if they did, I sent Ready to the shore. Even before he got there, and he went with a bound, their heads were up. So soon as he began his antics they moved towards him until within five feet of the shore. This placed me in a nice predicament, for there were the birds, and here was the gunner fully 80 yards away. I should have felt badly had our previous luck been less favourable, so I concluded to try an experiment in creeping on them. The first

great difficulty was to get from the sitting position to that of all-fours without being noticed, as the least motion was sure to be seen.

Before attempting this change, four marks were selected to creep to, the last one being a large cluster of rushes, and it was understood that Harry was to whistle in case the conditions changed on my way down to these. Thus fortified, I began to settle from my seat, so slowly as to be unnoticed, then, with my gun in my right hand, I moved straight upon the first mark, then to the next, and finally brought up to the last without any warning signal from Harry. Thus assured the birds were there and within shot, I cocked both barrels, settled out at full length, resting on my elbows. When I sighted them, they were uneasy and moving together, the most of them looking at me. By that I knew they would soon jump, so, as they were below me, I ranged for the outside birds, calculating the nearest ones would either jump into the shot, or be stopped by the dropping ones and pulled. "My! my! what a jar!" It was my intention to give them the right barrel sitting, and the

left when they jumped; but the recoil gave me such a shock that, for a little, nothing but my cheek and nose were in my thoughts. They pained as from ague. By the time I recovered my feet Harry ran by me to the shore, shouting, "You made a great shot; five are dead, and another has fallen outside." Ordinarily I would have been all excitement at this, but my pain just then was too severe to think much about birds. Upon examination I discovered the concussion in the first barrel set off the second, so that I had the recoil of both barrels at once. My position prevented me holding her very firm, while it brought my face directly over the shock, giving me the full force of the set-back. Fortunately, the pain did not last long, or my hunting would have been over for that day. The soreness, however, did not leave so readily.

"Pat," said Harry, "do you see Ready out after that wounded bird? He is having some fun with him." Just as I looked, Ready was close upon him, when the duck went under, leaving the dog on the *qui vive* for his appearance. He came up behind him, having turned under water, and thus got a start away before

he was seen. Ready spied him, and soon got up to him, when the bird tried his diving game again, but this time he had company. When he went under, so did the dog, bringing the duck with him when he came up. All this time the five were lying quietly on the water in front of us, as we thought, dead. Presently, however, one began to show signs of life, and was soon very lively, moving off from us. "Give him a shot, Harry, or we'll lose him before Ready can get to the shore." "I don't like to: we'll shoot him all to pieces; but Ready will get him all right."

We noticed the dog was inclined to land with his bird on the shore below us, and beyond the range of the wounded one working off, so I walked up the shore until he and the wounded bird were in range, when I spoke to him, and he turned towards me. Right then he spied the fellow swimming, when he gave the one in his mouth an extra bite, dropped him, and started in pursuit. The other saw him coming, went under, and came up with his bill just above the surface. This is a peculiarity of wild birds, that they have the power of weighting or sinking their bodies, so

as to leave only their bills out of the water. When pursued by an enemy, it is surprising to see how fast they can swim in this way. There was an exciting race, which Ready won after a little, capturing him under water, as the previous one.

This was the last shot at ducks on my outing, and the longest remembered by me. Harry, having to return home, took the birds along with him, while Ready and I went to try our luck on prairie chickens. We came to a ravine, the banks of which, some 25 feet high, were covered with small poplars. As I walked along the bottom of it, I noticed at the foot of quite a tree, what had the appearance of a pile of beach-stones, which I thought most singular. It was about 20 feet from the path, but my eyes were on the look out for chickens, so I did not examine this closely, and Ready was on the opposite side, working the bank. After I had passed it, I was not satisfied, as it seemed such an unusual occurrence for beach-stones to be there, and I returned to further investigate. I had no difficulty in reaching the spot, and as the ground had just been hunted over, knew

there were no chickens near, and was not so careful about the noise. So soon, therefore, as I turned off the path to go to these stones, they became invested with life. A veritable cayote (prairie wolf) sprang up and started for the upper bank, with a surprised hunter after him. The old adage was never truer, "The more haste the worse speed," than when I was trying to find a cartridge of large shot. Every other kind but the one wanted came to my hand. In the mean time the cayote was making the most of the delay, so that when I was ready to speak to him he was 80 yards away, going like a streak. I did not expect to stop him, and didn't, but merely let him know he had been seen. Had Harry been with me, that cayote would have been ours, as he would have known at once what my pile of stones was, and stopped him right there.

Ready flushed several chickens before leaving the ravine, of which I shot a brace. Another cover was in sight, to which I went, and there found the game abundant, Ready starting birds in all directions.

I had fired five shots, securing as many birds, when suddenly my attention was aroused

by a stentorian voice wanting to know who gave me authority to shoot his birds. "Your birds!" I replied. "This is the first time I knew or heard the fowl on the North-West prairies belonged to any particular individual until they were shot." "Well, sir," he replied very moderately, "I claim that any and all birds that are found within the limits of my lines belong to me." "Are you a sportsman yourself? If so, I will not shoot at any more." "No," he replied, "I never fired a gun, but preserve the birds for my sporting friends from Calgary." "Well, then, have a brace of my chickens for your dinner. I'll have all I want by the time I get home." This generosity on my part struck the right chord, and was in line with the sentiment, "Throw a sprat to catch a mackerel," for the English gentleman, for such he was, persuaded me to go to his house and partake of lunch—a most generous repast, which my appetite, then keen, fully appreciated. He then showed me round the place, and we separated with the wish that I might have fine sport in the afternoon, and the assurance that I was always welcome to shoot on his grounds, so I

returned to the grove, feeling much stronger for the repast and happier for such a pleasant termination to this peculiar acquaintance. I secured ten on the same ground I got the five in the morning within a couple of hours.

These prairie chickens are larger than the birch partridges; but the meat, which is very delicious, is as dark as the spruce partridge. The darkness of the flesh gave me a great sell before I knew this characteristic of it. Just before freezing weather I shot several of them, which were frozen for winter. Some weeks later I plucked a pair for dinner, but noticing this dark colour, concluded they were spoiled, and threw them away. My neighbours, when they heard of the sell, had a hearty laugh at my expense. On my way homeward, I swerved towards the lower end of Red Deer Lake, expecting to find the geese back from the feeding-grounds. I was desirous of testing their tolling qualities, especially the wavies, as they had never been in sight of Ready. There were some hundreds sleeping, washing, and swimming about, so, with the dog at my heels, I crept as near to those in the water as I could

safely do, then put Ready out. For some time they took apparently no notice of him, but a curious old gander, a very large one, began to investigate these movements by swimming around in a large circle, a long distance out of harm's way. He continued this circling, each time drawing nearer, and each time being joined by some of the geese, until there were upwards of twenty curious ones. When he approached within 40 yards, he appeared to hesitate, so I concluded to "draw a bead" on him, and try a shot. When he had passed a little beyond a direct front shot, several of the geese with the old fellow were under the line of my eye. Then I pulled, and laid over two geese and wing-broke the gander with the left barrel, and tumbled another with the right, which was not dead, so Ready took after him, and soon brought him to the shore. Then he spied the wing-broken gander, now fully 80 yards away, and working off shore very fast with the aid of his legs and wings. The water was not deep enough for the dog to swim, as it was only up to his back; therefore he had to plunge constantly to make any

headway. His eye was on that gander, and the further he went the fiercer he became, until he fairly whined with eagerness. Not till they were 300 yards distant could it be decided how the struggle would terminate, for neither seemed to falter, nor did the dog gain any, and I feared that exhausting effort of plunging with no solid bottom to jump from would eventually tire him out, and the bird escape. However, after a time it was very noticeable that the distance between them was lessening rapidly, and that Ready would be the winner. When within 15 yards of him, the gander spread himself on the water and faced the dog, making a vicious plunge at him with his beak as he came to him, which sealed his doom, for Ready jumped, seized him by the neck and soon despatched him.

Not wanting the dog to retrace the long distance he had gone, I met him at the shore opposite where he captured the gander, and left it there, then went after the dead ones still in the water. When they were all collected and tied together—chickens and geese—the prospect of having to carry that

load a mile and a quarter was by no means an enticing one, yet it had to be done. Before it was lifted to my shoulders a whistle startled me. Turning to ascertain the cause of it, I saw Harry coming laden with a basket of lunch for his supposed half-starved companion. This would have been most acceptable, had not my English friend been ahead of him. I assured him, however, that he had come at a most opportune time, and his thoughtfulness was fully appreciated. To prove this and my thorough unselfishness, he was allowed to carry the heaviest half of my load all the way to the house. On the road there he informed me he had been visited that afternoon by a neighbour two miles away, who came especially to tell us that a large body of geese were feeding on his 320-acre wheat-stubble field, and we might get a chance at them in the evening, as there was nothing to disturb them. Had such information come to us three days before, it would have greatly excited me, but hunting, creeping, walking, running, crouching, rowing, paddling, wading, tumbling, and all the other "-ings" concomitant of a sporting trip, to say

nothing of the prolonged excitement over such varied and wonderful success, had taken so much out of me that I confess to being tired. I had what sportsmen in another line of business call "enough," and would have been very willing to stop at my last shot at the lake, telling Harry so. "Oh, that will never do!—never do! After his taking the trouble to come two miles to tell us. We'll hitch up the horse and drive over. Then the hunting will be easy." So after resting a couple of hours, about four o'clock we started.

To get to their proper feeding-ground, as directed by the farmer, the main road, which led along the edge of the open field fully 300 yards, had to be followed. It was decided to walk the horse, very slowly passing there, and not to move in the slightest while in sight. Just before reaching the exposed spot, a large flock of greys flew over the road on to the field, and, while watching to see them light—the horse guiding himself—Harry gave me a pinch without moving his head, but whispering, "By gracious, Pat, just look a little to your left! Do you see those fellows feeding?" I saw them, and

the sight started all the tired feeling. There were eighty or a hundred of those old settlers, the real Canadian goose, feeding within an easy shot of quite a knoll for the North-West. As I was on the seat farthest from them, I told him to keep the horse moving, so as to attract their attention, and I would try to drop out on the distant side. This was accomplished—but how, I don't know. When on the ground, I found I was completely hidden, and there was Ready crouching. He had seen the birds as quickly as we, and sneaked along under the waggon. The knoll between me and the geese made it comparatively easy creeping. When as near as it was possible to get without exposure, I peeped over the natural blind. What a sight was there! They were watching the horse, and were inclined to fear him, apparently ready for a start, as they had walked much closer together than when first seen. Directly in front of me were eight or ten standing in a line, covering about a foot, with others a little outside this range. The left barrel of No. 10 was loaded with "B," and the right with "buck," so I concluded to try the left sitting,

and the other on the wing. I levelled. "Now my hitherto trusty friend, do your duty"—pulled. "Bang!" was the response. But where were the birds? Every one jumped. Before I had time to wonder, I saw one tumbling, then another and another, yet still another—four down, but every one on a new kind of wild-goose chase, in which Ready was a lively participant.

While this was going on, the flock, having to rise to windward, came towards me, till they were started; then circled, and, reader, if you know anything about shooting, there was the sportsman's chance. Every "buck" ought to bring a bird. Did it? Not it. Listen! Did you hear the "bang"? I didn't—not when I wanted to. I pulled—she snapped. No time to change cartridge now, so must try again. She may go the second time. All this while, bear in mind, they were rushing away, for they got a view of me when they circled, so when she was ranged the second time, they were more than 80 yards off, and considerably scattered. Expecting her to refuse again, I was careless in my range, and, when she responded, was

not disappointed that none came down. I watched them, however, for a little, when one was noticed to lag behind, and to sheer from the others, but was able to join them when they settled. This fellow we found afterwards in that very spot, dead.

Let us return to the scene of the first shot, to see what Ready has been about. He has the four that were in the chase captured, and in a pile behind the knoll. Oh, what beauties! what beauties! what beauties! All very large ones, and so clean and pretty. Where is that tired feeling now? Echo answers, "Where?" Not there, not it—must have evaporated. At the first shot Harry had stopped the horse, and came to my assistance, so that we soon had the birds in the waggon, and ready for more. The flock we fired at, and the one that crossed the road, were the only ones that arrived up to the time of the shooting; but soon there were three more arrivals, making three or four hundred geese altogether. Apart from the knoll, which made such an excellent blind, the rest of the field was comparatively level, so that approaching them near enough

for a shot we found an impossibility, as their detectives, the old ganders, had as keen eyes as we. As fast as we creeped, so fast they walked, and they were well schooled in the safety line. We thought, when it became dusk, we might get upon them, forgetting that the ganders' heads and eyes were always in the air, and they had the advantage of the light background, while we, creeping, had a dark one. By this they were able to lead the geese out of harm's way every time we attempted to approach them; so we had to give in, acknowledging ourselves beaten at the heel of the hunt.

Five geese such as we had in the carriage would have been, and are, a very respectable afternoon's sport for ordinary mortals, but for sportsmen that had been gathering them by the dozen, it seemed a great come-down. The knoll-shot finished the week's shooting, and the next morning I bade my friend Harry and his genial partner a regretful good-bye, as it was likely to be, and was, the last cruise made by me to the Red Deer Lake. After Harry had taken all the game he wished, the waggon was literally packed with geese, ducks, and chickens — tied in. My approach to

Calgary drew many inquisitive eyes upon me, as well as ejaculations at the attractive appearance of the waggon.

When reading these stories, some may be inclined to think them exaggerated. Yet they are not. Shooting or fishing ten, fifteen, or twenty years ago was very different from that of 1902. Then there was scarcely a sportsman, where now they are met by the score. Then, where pools were full of trout and salmon, and lakes the feeding-ground of tens of thousands of ducks and geese, now the fish are caught as soon as spawned, if any are left to spawn, while the birds are shot, in many places, as soon as they attempt to fly. So that there are many localities now, where game used to be abundant and hunting a pleasure, in which it has become laborious, and the fun has gone out of it. While finishing the shooting-cruise, with its wonderful success, it may be gratifying to my readers to tell them that, the year after the scene described here took place, a party of English sportsmen in Western Assiniboin, goose-hunting, secured over seven hundred. What do you think of that?

CHAPTER X.

SALMON-FISHING ON THE LA HAVE RIVER, NOVA SCOTIA.

This river (La Have), known and recognized by all strangers who have been so fortunate as to have been on its waters or its banks, as the Rhine of America, extends 15 miles from the North Atlantic to the head of the tide, as it is navigable to the town of Bridgewater, 14 miles from the ocean. The picturesque appearance of its banks, studded with farms cultivated to the water's edge, and houses neatly built and nicely planted with numerous thriving villages at the river's side, all tend to give it a most prosperous and charming appearance.

In the early settlement of the country its waters teemed with salmon, shad, sea-trout, and aleuwen; so abundant were they in that

season that they have been represented as having been captured in cart-loads. In late years, owing to hindrances to the direct approach to their spawning-grounds, together with the drag-nets of the night-prowlers, salmon have become so scarce that in some seasons scarcely any are taken. The close season for salmon rod-fishing ends February 1, when, if that day be mild, some are almost sure to be taken. This run of fish is small in numbers and size, not more than fifteen being captured in February, any season, varying in size from 6 to 8 lbs., a 10-pounder being a rarity. The rods have to be specially prepared for winter fishing, with permanent wire rings, through which the icy lines move without clogging. Apart from the money inducement, from 50 to 75 cents per lb., there is no actual sport in this fishing. He will take the fly as well as in May, but rarely runs or jumps, and if fairly well hooked the fisherman is almost sure of him. After the run is over no others come to the river until April 20, when the regular spring fish put in an appearance, and continue coming till the 20th of June, when they are followed by the grilse.

I was fishing one afternoon in June, 1886, between the Davison's Mills, located within a mile of the tide. This pool was, and is, one of the best on the river. There were fully fifty fish in sight, playing in the runs, rolling out their big backs, and wagging their immense tails here, there, and everywhere, catching the little eels that were dropping down with the current. Although I tried at least twenty flies of every imaginable make and size, and would place them alongside their heads, yet they would take the eel, ignoring me and my fly. These were hawk-bills, large male fish, and their indifference to the fly was caused largely by the lowness of the stream and the warmth of the water, which made them sluggish. As there was likely to be a heavy sea-fog that night, which would cool the surface of the water some, I decided to try them early in the morning, as I did want to get fast to one of those big fellows. So just at daylight the anchor was dropped at the head of the deepest pool, at the eastern end of the first reef. It was still so dark that a light fly had to be used, so I selected a White Admiral, an inch long. Anything longer

would have been useless. With a double cast and this *double hook*, success was fairly assured if he came for it.

A fine fellow had been having a grand rolling time the afternoon before at the head of a rock near the foot of the pool, and thinking he was there yet, I cast my fly below it, and gradually worked it up over the spot. Was that a salmon? or was it my imagination? There surely was a wave made by the rush of a fish. Well, if that was a fish, he was not pricked. After waiting a few minutes—oh, what long ones!—the line was cast again below where the agitation was, and worked up over the same spot, without the rush expected. Sometimes these old settlers, yea, and many young ones too, follow your line, moving as fast as the fly. When this is observed, by stopping the fly, he often seizes it. So this game was tried, and the moment the Admiral stopped, Mr. Hawk-bill took possession of him, and was harnessed. Then came the tug of war. I was not long discovering he was not a greyling by any means, but an old-time fellow, that had steered clear of nets and traps, and hitherto ignored all the enticements of

rod fishermen. He settled on the bottom and sulked as soon as he was hooked—a characteristic of big, overgrown fellows. He would not run, nor could he be drawn to me, although all the tension the tip would bear was on him. After half an hour, he had worked into the deepest water in the pool, but hung back, as much as to say, "I am at one end and you at the other, and we'll see what we'll see." Well, I kept nagging at him, with little prospect of success. When, by raising the kellock, the boat dropped nearly to him, and was stopped, the use of the pole suggested itself, and was tried. He evidently did not approve of the new treatment, for on the second thrust he started at railroad speed down and across the river, in a direct course for a stranded mill log. Unless stopped short of that, it would be "good-bye salmon," so, putting my thumb on the running line, I made the drag-out heavier. He had 90 yards now, and was only a few yards from the log, but near him was an eddy. He must be stopped there and then, and worked into it or be lost; so I decided to try this, by making the drag of the line still heavier, almost stopping it. This

made him jump, and when his great body struck the water, he shied into the eddy, and quieted down.

After seeing the immense size of him, it made me the more anxious to save him. I knew he was much the largest fish that had ever tested my skill, so, slacking the line, the kellock was raised, and as the boat, or rather punt, dropped down towards him, my line was gathered in, until we were only 20 yards apart. By the strain kept upon him, and his heavy fall when he jumped, it was evident he was weakening. Had there been any one with me, the punt could have been moved over him then, and he would have gaffed him; but that other fellow wasn't there, so the best had to be made of a trying encounter with the means at command. His stubbornness convinced me that nothing ordinary would move him, so I unreeled several yards of line and put the rod down, up kellock, and poled the punt towards the shore, stopping at the head of an eddy, then raised the rod and reeled up the slack, putting such a purchase on him that I felt he would not and could not long resist. Nor did he, for in a few minutes the

line began to slacken, and he sailed out of the one eddy into the other, and was now only 40 yards from the shore. Here he kept me another hour—a fighting monster at one end of the line, and a persistent, patient, hopeful, and hungry fisherman at the other: no apparent yielding of either—a sort of diamond-cut-diamond performance.

I was becoming desperate: time was going, the sun was well up, the fog had disappeared, the workmen were going to their labour, and very little headway apparently was being made towards ending the struggle. Again the line was unreeled, and again the punt was moved nearer the shore, in line with a rock that had deep water beneath it. This brought me within 20 yards of *terra firma*. After the slack line was again reeled, and the tension put on him, I threw a stone into the eddy, which started him towards the shore, and behind the very rock wished. This was a success, but the use of the gaff seemed a distance off. It was now 7.30, and yet no one had been near me to witness the sport, although the mill hands seemed to be paying more attention to me and the fish than to

Messrs. Davison's work. Just then a lad of sixteen came to the shore, and I offered him fifty cents to wade off to the punt and pole her in shore, which he objected to doing, although the water where she was kellocked was only a foot deep. This annoyed me, so I pulled off a few yards of line, laid down the rod, up kellock, and poled her myself to the shore, then walked up the bank, and reeled my fish so tightly that, in his weakened condition, he could not long resist, and moved in behind another rock 8 or 10 yards off. Now I handed the rod to the boy, with instructions to keep the line tight, took the gaff, and sneaked off towards the fish, put it under him and lifted him. Then there was a commotion! Great Scot! What kicking and flouncing! It required all my strength even then to handle and hold him, but he was soon overcome, and the long battle ended. He weighed 27¾ lbs.—a beauty, one of those thick, plump fellows, the largest fish ever captured in that river before or since, and the largest but one I have ever seen.

To say that I was tired only faintly conveys my weariness. The muscles of my right arm

were as sore as if beaten. Fully three hours were occupied in capturing him. As he lay before me, his appearance made me a proud fisherman. A great deal of the successful issue of that struggle was due to the double cast and double hooks, both of which were under his jaw, and could not break or tear out. A single cast and hook would have stood a slim chance in such a stubborn fight.

A fortnight prior to the event just narrated, a young friend with Lew Labrador, his Indian guide, in one boat, and myself alone in another, went to the pool at the head of the tide opposite and below Davison's Lower Mill. In those days the pools were much finer resting-places for salmon than now, and many more of them, so that two or even three boats could have equally good sport, by one fishing the upper, another the centre, and the third the lower pools. It was Monday morning at 7.30 when we started, not expecting even ordinary luck, as on the Saturday before only one fish was seen. We were, therefore, more than surprised to find that a new run of famous fish had come into the pool on that tide. We started in with Cock Robins,

changing later to Yellow Doctors, and had seven fish when we landed at noon, losing four others. He secured five, and lost two; I got two, and lost two. I had fished this stream several years, and noted the peculiarities of the different runs of salmon that frequented it, yet never saw fish like these. They were apparently very fierce for the fly, but only rushed once. If he were struck, then, well; if not, time would be saved by not trying him again. A number were started that were not hooked nor pricked, yet they could not be tempted to come again in that pool at that time, although we both changed flies by the score. We found they were very *gamey*—fought hard. They were direct from the sea, so bright and beautiful, and resented such treatment, thus affording us clear sport.

One that my friend hooked, a 17-lb. fish, ran out every yard of his line down stream, and had to be followed. He jumped and ran, ran and jumped and flounced—went directly under their boat once. After a lapse of three-quarters of an hour, he began to give in. When they had him almost to the boat, a drift log was spied coming down across their

bow, which started them dragging. Scarcely were they freed from this when they discovered that the salmon, with the slack line they had given him when working at the log, had dragged it under a sunken slab, and left it foul there. Fortunately, the fish was now so nearly drowned that he did not attempt to rush, but lay quiet. How to get it out was the question. Old Lew said, "Trouble never comes single. Hold on, S., I've got a way am going to try." "What's that?" "Am going to tie this piece of board to the rod to keep it up, then fasten the line so it won't run out and throw the rod over." As it seemed feasible, S. accepted the plan, and they did it. So soon as the rod was directly below the slab, it held for a moment, then swung down the stream in line where they knew the fish must be, so, taking up the rod and freeing it from its encumbrances, he began to reel up the line, and found the salmon all right. So, without any further mishap, they soon had him in the boat. I had been a witness of all this manœuvring, but was fast to a wild and stubborn fellow myself, so could not go to their assistance.

S., in telling me about the spree, remarked

there was more fun and sport in the capturing of that one than in all the others combined. There was nothing out of the common with the others, but with that fellow there was something new cropping up all the time, requiring the exercise of one's wits to straighten out. I spoke of being fast to a fifteen-pounder at the same time that S. was having his fun. My fish took under water, and, as soon as he found himself fast, began racing. Sometimes he would come so close, my gaff was in my hand to use, then he would sail away 60 or 70 yards, with the reel buzzing, and follow this by working up stream above the boat, worrying me with the prospect of shooting under the mooring. Then down he would come, aiming right for me, but fighting shy so soon as he sighted the boat. However, I knew he could not keep the racing up long with the tension upon him, and must soon give in, which he did, after running 20 yards or so across the stream. For a person alone in the boat, much the safest and easiest way is to work the fish up the stream above yourself, then, by throwing the rod behind your shoulder,

you can raise him, and keep him headed to you, so that with the gaff within reach of your hand, he soon becomes yours. When he headed the stream, I found he was so weak that he could not work above me, so the mooring was paid out, and the line as well, which placed me below him. From this new position he was brought near the boat with his head quite out of water, and was soon gaffed. I sat down for a rest, with a very pleasant picture to entertain me.

We secured two others in the afternoon, each of us losing one, after being fast some time. But the only really exciting sport was with the last one that S. hooked. It was nearly dusk, and we had landed from our boats. Lew and I were seated on the bank, when S. said, "I'm going to try a Jenny Lind—a very bright fellow;" so we noticed he had thrown out his fly standing on the shore, not supposing for a minute he would start a fish, when he shouted, "By Jove! I've got one! Come quick! He's started down the stream." At such a command as that we were soon into my boat, and following him.

We had started from opposite the mill, but

found it was so dark that we could not see to gaff him from the boat. It was therefore decided he must be worked into water so shallow, he would have to flounce, and thereby direct us to him. So when he struck a deep pool, we let him rest, and all landed on the mill side, where the water was quite shoal some little distance off the shore. S. with his rod marched up the bank straight away from the shore, thus leading the fish, and forcing him to run himself into the shallow. Lew and I were standing with gaffs, waiting for the splash, for by this time the line was invisible. Very soon, directly in front of Lew, came the looked-for flounce and splash. He made a jump with his gaff, but missed at the first attempt, only striking the side of the fish. He soon made a second thrust, and got him into the boat. This was later in the day than I ever knew a fish caught with a fly. He was 17 lbs. This was the best single day's sport known on this river. Some seasons my companion and I have fished from Monday morning until Saturday evening, only capturing as many as we did that afternoon.

Hitherto the sport has been of one kind only. I propose varying it in this narrative, by introducing scenes of an exciting character, in which larger game than the ordinary salmon enter.

During the month of May, with two young companions, sturdy fellows, we were found fishing on this La Have pool recently described. We had occupied the boats unmolested, and with the consent of Messrs. Davison, who controlled them for two days, having had more than ordinarily good luck. One Wednesday afternoon I walked with a lady friend to the mill, hoping to see the boys capture a fish. While there, F. was in the boat on the upper pool with old Lew the Indian, and I was to use the lower one with Tom the Indian. My lady companion and I sat on a lumber pile near a pool, and just opposite F.'s boat, when up came a fish in the pool close by. My rod was at Lew's house near by, so I got it, and began fishing from the end of a pile, which brought me within easy reach of the pool. After making a few casts with a Black Doctor, up came the fish. I gave him the fly for an instant,

then drew it, and he was fast. He proved a wild fellow, and sailed out into the strong current, jumping and running; but it was not long before he was back into the pool. My lady friend had become greatly excited over the sport, and watched every movement. I knew, unless some help came, she would have to take the rod, while I gaffed the fish. He had become helpless, so I ranged him near the breastwork, where he could be reached with the gaff, then handed her the rod, leaned down, and brought the fellow out, 8½ lbs. She was more delighted with her part in it than seeing a dozen caught. While I was playing my fish, F. had one on for some time, but lost him.

We were admiring our catch and rehearsing the different scenes in his capture, still holding the rod, when we were approached by a tall, rather powerful-looking man, accompanied by two ladies. I bade them good afternoon, when he accosted me, "We fishermen who come from a distance think you local fellows ought to stay at home, and let us have the ground." "Indeed; that's strange logic," said I. "Are you a fisherman?"

"Yaas. I'm Captain C——l from Haalifax." "Ah! indeed. Well, those young men in the boats have come 75 miles further away, and have been here two days ahead of you. It is not likely they will make way for you at your demand, and I am sure I am not going to do so. But see here, sir, why do you come here at this particular season?" "To fish for salmon." "I thought so. Why don't you come in March?" "Oh, there are no salmon then, and it is too cold." "Exactly so. According to your idea, I infer you think it is great sport for local fishermen to stand on these banks in March and thresh the water, that they may give place to such men as you whenever, in the fishing season, you may choose to come on the scene and order them home? Oh no, my dear sir, you have made a great mistake in thinking sportsmen in this country are made that way. At any rate, this one is not. When a gentleman, however, comes where I am fishing, it is a very great pleasure to give place to him, and a still greater one to see him hook a fish and land him." Out of supreme contempt for this "fellah," I

continued fishing, not to catch a fish, but to hold my ground. After making a few casts, I reeled up the line, and gave my place to him, then moved off some distance with my lady friend, to watch his style of fishing. The ladies with him we discovered later were his wife and sister-in-law—English ladies.

When he began casting, they sat down a few yards from him, on the lumber-pile, and were intently watching him, not supposing, of course, he would try his skill on anything but a "sarmon." His style of fishing was most amusing, reminding me of old country-women driving their horses with little jerks—a kind of "get up and get" motion. His second cast was so ridiculous and different from anything seen by me that I was in the midst of a hearty laugh, when my attention was attracted by a most alarming screech, followed by a great commotion on the lumber-pile, which caused me to hasten there, and to find his fly fast into a strange fish—nothing less than his wife. This wonderful "fellah," who was going to show local fishermen how to do it, was showing his skill by fastening a fly into the back of his wife's neck. Fortunately, it hooked just

inside the skin, so we were able to remove it without assistance. This act closed scene number one.

He was quieting down and ready to start in for further practice, when he saw F. hook one, which seemed to make him wild, for he reeled up his line, and started to go across the river, as it was near the opposite side of the mill that the boat was anchored. To get there it was necessary to go up the river 75 yards, and walk over a boom formed by pairs of logs treenailed together and covered with boards. Without the slightest thought of his lady companions, he started at a quick march, leaving them to follow him as best they could. I remained on the mill side, watching F. play his fish, which proved to be a wild, stubborn fellow, and occupied half an hour or more to capture. In the mean time the officer had reached the other side, and forded a channel of very swift water into a rocky shoal some 25 yards below F.'s boat, on which he took his stand and commenced fishing up, and consequently against, the stream, nearly causing the loss of F.'s salmon, by tangling the lines.

Those of my readers who are fishermen know that fishing etiquette prevents a second person casting a fly on a pool already occupied. There was no possible chance of his rising, even if the pool had not been fished, as his fly was flowing away from them constantly. Not satisfied with the fruits of that performance, he waded ashore again, and after a time appeared in a boat with a white guide. Prior to his doing this, another boat with two other officers, a major and another captain—who had come to the neighbourhood with the Conqueror—came with their guide from the tidal waters, and were fishing on one of the lower pools, when the first sportman put in a second appearance. To show his envy or jealousy of F.'s luck, and to annoy him, he caused his guide to pole the boat between where F. was casting and the stern of F.'s boat. Would not such rascality (that term covers it) as that rouse all your fightability? You may laugh at this recent coinage, but the pith is there, and conveys the idea. He completely circled F.'s boat, to do which he was forced to place his pole on the bottom of the pool; but even this failed to drive F. off. I

shall leave him here for a time, still further to thresh water and disturb the pool, and bear my readers to a spot which appeared at one time that afternoon as if it might be the scene of very exciting fishing.

I mentioned that he had left his lady companions on the other side of the river, and at the spot where he first fished, expecting them to join him on the opposite bank through their own skill. My lady friend had returned to Bridgewater by the main road, while I proposed crossing over the boom with my rod and salmon to Lew Labrador's house. The English ladies had come to the breastwork, from which they would have to get down three feet to be on the boom, and were looking most anxiously across the water, as if undecided what to do. My services were here proffered as their guide, and gladly accepted. This boom or track was situated a very short distance above the dam, and through the midst of the strongest current, beginning at the breastwork mentioned and terminating abruptly at the entrance of a large fish-pass, over which the bank was approached by walking up a plank, one end of which rested on

a boom, the other at an angle of 25° or 30°, resting on the bank. To one used to it, there were no attractions, and I never used it when it could be avoided.

After they were upon the boom, I led the way, to assure and give them confidence, as they were evidently very nervous. The end next the pass was reached safely. Here I stopped a little past the end of the plank, standing on the very end of the boom to allow them to walk ahead of me. Had Mrs. C., who had been walking next me, done this, probably there would have been no trouble, but stepping aside to allow her sister to proceed nearly cost her her life. Above the boom here and near the end was an accumulation of numberless little pieces of floating wood-ends and boards from the upper mill, mixed in with sawdust, that, to an inexperienced eye like Mrs. C.'s, would give it the appearance of solidity; and such she thought it was, for she stepped back upon it to let her sister proceed, and back she went. Fortunately for us all, I was near enough to grasp her by the neck of her dress as she fell, and thus kept her head above water, although

perilously near being drawn by her off the boom.

No assistance could be obtained by shouting, as the roar of the Falls drowned all other sounds, nor could I send her sister, who was so terrified I feared she would fall off herself, so I bade her sit down on the boom, where she was standing. By this time my thoughts, which had fled for the moment, returned, and the situation was taken in and acted upon. The necessity of drawing her body out from under the boom was so apparent that I acted upon it at once, by drawing her head towards the end of it and the shore. At the same time, I encouraged Mrs. C. to help me with her hands on the boom. By this concerted action we soon freed her body, so that her head could be raised under the plank, and farther out of water. Thus emboldened by our success, I decided her head and body had to be passed under that plank before she could be got out, as the suction was too great to be overcome without more help. By my holding on with my right hand, assisted by Mrs. C. clinging to the upper edge of the plank, I was enabled to lie down on it, and pass my

left hand under so as to grip her other shoulder. Then by releasing one hand from above and grasping the lower edge with it, we succeeded in safely getting her under it. At this juncture Mrs. C. had become quite composed, and spoke to her sister, who up to that time was so nervous and frightened that she clung to the boom with a maniacal grip, unable to move. The next movement brought her to the boom and the end of the plank, and between us she was raised on to them. "Saved! saved!" I could not but exclaim.

Had they been alone when this happened, as they were likely to have been, doubtless both would have been drowned, for the suction, which is very strong the whole length of the boom, was doubly so here, as I found by this experience. They would have been swept by it into the fish-pass eddies, and against the rocks there by the rolling, tumbling, eddying billows. It was some time before they gathered confidence sufficient to complete the crossing. In the mean time I ran up on the bank and obtained the assistance of two men off the road, which materially assisted me by getting a second plank for the

ladies to walk up on. Mrs. C. exhibited a very different spirit from her lord, as she specially requested that nothing should be said about the occurrence that their men could hear, until the afternoon's fishing was over. There was a short direct road to Fairview Hotel, at which they were stopping, and thither I directed them, so that they could reach it without being exposed to the public eye. Their gratitude knew no bounds. It is fifteen years since this occurred, and the very recalling of it at this distant day makes me shudder. When I grasped after Mrs. C. my rod was in one hand and the salmon in the other, but what became of them I know not, nor had I thought of them until those men arrived on the scene. The rod I found resting with a butt in a link of the boom-chain, with the tip on an old log, safe and sound. But the salmon was never seen again. As this was all the excitement wanted for one afternoon, I left my rod at Lew's, and sought repose in the tent. This ended scene the second.

The next morning we were all on the ground —S. and F. occupying the pool of the day

before. As the officers could only procure two boats, and very indifferent guides, S., generous soul that he was, gave Captain C. his boat and guide, with the pool which he could claim by possession, and until six of that afternoon, paying himself for the boat and guide, the understanding being that the captain would hand her back then. In the mean time he took the cook from the tent, and went several miles up the river, exploring the pools there. At the appointed hour we came for the boat, and it was handed over. By the aid of the guide the officers had hold of three fish and lost them all, proving, as we all concluded before, that they were novices at the business. F. had captured two during the day, and I got one off the shore, opposite the tent.

Now, my reader would naturally suppose that any man, let alone one claiming to be a fisherman, who had been so generously treated, would have been satisfied, and have left the pool to S. that day at least unmolested. Did he? Not so, but went off to that same rocky shoal of the day before, and repeated his programme. This is mentioned here that

you may the better understand what kind of men—no, not men, but "fellahs"—some of them were, so that what is related farther on may be the better understood by you. It must be readily seen that such actions were not tending to gender the friendly feelings which should exist among sportsmen. He hesitated not to tell S. that he was determined to have that particular pool the next day, let what might happen. F.'s or Lew's boat was landed every night on the shore of the pool, so that the pool could be occupied with little effort or commotion. To carry into effect his declaration, he secured one of the other officer's boats, had it poled up to and on the head of the pool, remaining in it *alone* all night. When daylight came, instead of holding the ground with his boat, which was the only way it could be done, the ignoramus of fishing laws poled his out of and away from it 50 yards or more, leaving it open for anybody else.

At this juncture, F. and Lew, who had been resting at the latter's house, put in an appearance, intending and expecting to go to a lower pool, but finding the old one unoccupied, pushed off their boat, anchored and began

fishing. Shortly after the captain's guide came, when they dropped their boat down against F.'s, and he began fishing also, throwing his line wherever F. did. Right here permit me to say that if the officer's boat had been occupying the pool when F. went down the shore to his boat, it would have been his by occupation. As he was not, however, his absence cancelled any prior claim, even had he been in possession a week before vacating it. The moment he moved outside the limits of the pool, that moment he forfeited his claim. My readers, experienced fishermen, I am positive, will endorse the view as being the recognized law among anglers. It becomes necessary here, for explicitness, to introduce some other characters in the shape of "orderlies"—private soldiers—in this case the officers' servants, mainly employed in looking after their horses. The other men, the major and captain, with these servants, were at the hotel over night, and at this particular stage in the morning's fun, the last three appeared on the bank, the latter moving down to the shore nearest the boats.

That morning I was early at the mill-side,

fishing the pool out of which my capture came the previous afternoon. Seeing that trouble was brewing, and lively times might be the result, I reeled up my line and crossed over. The bank opposite the boats, and where the officers stood, was very abrupt, the ground 10 feet from the river, being 20 or more feet above it. When Captain C. noticed his companions at hand, he cut the mooring of F.'s boat, necessitating his guide Lew poling her to the shore. As she landed, an orderly at the edge seized his pole, and pushed her again into the stream. Fortunately, there was a spare pole, with which she was checked. That was a dangerous manœuvre for that man, as when old giant Lew took up that second one, all the buried ugly of the Indian stood out in bold relief, when he said, "D—n you! Touch this, if you dare, and it will go through you! Remember!" Fred, noticing this, and knowing the terrible temper of his guide when aroused, had his boat moved across to the mill breastwork. In the mean time S. and his guide, who were fishing a lower pool, seeing unusual commotion in F.'s neighbourhood, had gone there also. As soon as F. left the

disputed ground and crossed over, the captain's boat came ashore, and took the second one off. When this was done, and done with such an exhibition of delight, the ugly in my composition became roused, and considering them interlopers, I hurled a good-sized stone into the pool, concluding it would be some time before a salmon would be seen there. They evidently thought so too, for they at once came to the shore, and marched straight up to me. A moment or two before the major came on the scene, and was talking to me, when the captain thus accosted me—

"Did you throw that stone into the pool?"

"Yes."

"Thanks."

"Oh, you are entirely welcome to that one."

At that reply he seized my rod, and I as quickly seized him by the throat, and thus addressed him: "Don't think, sir, because you are an officer, you can do as you please with Nova Scotians, for you will be greatly mistaken with this crowd. I have always been taught to think of army officers as gentlemen, but have found at least two that are not. Give up that rod at once, or take

the punishment;" and I stood with my right drawn *à la* Jeffries, ready to follow the word by the deed. Right here the gentlemanly major stepped between us, took the rod from him, and passed it to me, with the remark, "Captain, this is most disgraceful." My assailant showed his approval of my defending myself by the remark, "At any rate, you are a plucky old fellow," as he had reason a little later on to substantiate. Thus ended scene three.

The major entered into conversation with me, while the captains mustered their servants, and, after a short consultation, started for the boom to cross to the mill-side, where S. and F. and their guides still were. When they had reached the fish-pass, three of them continued crossing, while Captain C. returned to the major, accosting him thus: "Major, we are going over to fight this out with these fellahs, and want you to come over." "No, no! Captain C., don't be so foolish. You are disgracing your rank. Let the thing drop here." "No, we are going to have it out." So off he started again. Now, I concluded, if there was to be a skirmish, the boys were not

going to fight those burly Englishmen alone. I would have a hand in it somewhere, so by the time he was on the boom this reciter was there too, and we landed in the mill yard together. Without any prevarication, and as if all planned, the four of them seized S., the orderlies holding him by the shoulders, while the officers grabbed his gaff, which he was holding, and attempted to wrest it from him and did so—throwing it into the river. Now, four on one is rather unfair fighting; so an opening came for me. So soon as they took hold of him, up went the butt of my gaff, no mean stick, and hard wood at that, and down it came on the head and arm of one Mr. Orderly, placing him *hors de combat*. Then they left S. and made at me, seizing my gaff, which caused a desperate encounter, in which the handle was broken, but not till our pugilistic captain had the marks of it fastened in his hands.

Things were getting lively and well mixed.

They were determined to have that gaff, and its owner was just as much so the other way. My boxing lessons came nicely into play just here, and straight away from my

right shoulder, *à la* Corbett, hooked on the jaw, and made the claret appear lively. Then they pressed me so closely that, seeing danger for me so imminent, I concluded discretion the better part of valour, and down I went on the sawdust on all-fours, still clinging to my broken gaff. In this position I knew they could not injure me very much, if they did not use their feet.

While in this position Captain C. was working around, trying to get a return rap at me, and in doing so brought his great muscular calf close by me. In all this fray there was no temper on my part, only I was full of fight, so, with a nice target within reach, and so inviting, I took a pin out of my coat, and gave him a prod. Great Scot! what a jump! He never took such a stride before in so short a time, I'll guarantee. Well, before he had time to ascertain what hurt him, eight or ten mill hands came rushing to my assistance, and raised me to my feet. What was that puffing and blowing off to my right? What was it? do you ask. It was F. pummelling that other orderly, whom he had pulled off me a few minutes before. The

squall had passed over, and, like so many cats, they stood looking at each other. Just then the major, walking over at his leisure, appeared on the scene, and viewed the disgruntled crowd. I don't know whether the combatants looked as if they had lost all their friends, but their appearance evidently affected the major in that way, as his face became as long as the moral law. If it was fighting our braves were after, they had been satisfied, and carried, or at least some of them did, sufficient scars to remember the battle by until they would reach home. Thus ended scene four.

The major was chosen by his companions as peace representative, and S. by F. and myself. At first the major was disposed to censure our party for the trouble, judging by the statements made to him by the captain. After hearing our version, he saw that it had been misrepresented by them, and that the fault lay with them in thinking that Nova Scotia regulations and Nova Scotians were like the fishing laws and some people in the old country, so that when they came to a stream, and said, "Move off!" they expected

us to do it, but we did not and would not. Then, to strengthen his sympathy with them, and make them the fiercer against us, they represented to him that F. said they had no business on the pools, when what he really did say was, "You," referring to C. the first afternoon when he had his boat poled through F.'s pool, between his boat and fly, "have no business there." Until this the major, who was a fisherman, did not know that Captain C. had been guilty of such a mean act.

Sundry other explanations were made, which cleared the way for an assembling of us outside the immediate limits of the battle-ground. Then the major made an apology for his friends, requesting us to overlook what had been annoying, attributing it to the ignorance of local customs, they having only been a month or so out here. Here we buried the hatchet, and shook hands heartily, and were always afterwards good friends. Thus ended scene five.

When we understood they planned to go the following day on the Greenfield, the salmon head water on the Medway, for a few days'

longer fishing, we placed all our boats and guides at their disposal for the day, which were received in the same friendly spirit as proffered. We shall close scene six by directing attention to our boats on the pools occupied by the officers, with an additional view of the major, with his rod bent, fighting a wild scamp which he had just hooked, and which he captured that day. Several others were hooked, but they handled them too roughly, and lost them.

It is due to Captain C. to tell my readers, before closing this adventure, that he thanked me most heartily, before we separated, for rescuing his lady from drowning. These officers visited the La Have several times after, but in such a way as to be welcomed, and our boats to be placed at their service. We closed our week's outing with nineteen salmon, and must have had as many more hooked that were lost. Such fishing, I fear, will never be witnessed on the stream again, as they get no protection from officials now, and the prowlers seemed determined to scoop in all.

CHAPTER XI.

GOOSE-SHOOTING AT DERRY ISLAND, FOX HARBOUR, ON THE NORTHUMBERLAND STRAIT, NOVA SCOTIA.

THIS strait lies between Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia North, and extends far up into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The harbours on each of its shores are numerous, and many of them in deep indentures, varying from three to five miles. Among these may be named Wallace, Pugwash, and Pictou. The tide ebbs and flows rapidly, with considerable rise and fall, so that at low water there are great clam-flats, the feeding-ground of immense flocks of ducks, brant and Canadian geese, in the spring and autumn, on their migration from their southern to their northern home, and *vice versâ*. The larger geese arrive in March and April, the season making a

difference of a few days; and the length of stay depends also on the weather. In the open season the brants begin to appear the first week in April, and remain well into May, when they become so fat they don't care to fly much. In the autumn they come on the scene, both brants and geese, in September, the former leaving in November, and the latter, if the weather is at all open, tarrying until about the 20th of December, then taking up winter quarters in the harbours and flats on the North Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia. These harbours have always been great shooting-grounds, but have only in recent years been the resort of outside gunners. On some of the islands in the harbour buildings have been erected, and all the appliances in the way of boats, decoys, duck-punts, tubs, ice-boats, procured, so that, thus equipped, visitors generally have excellent sport in a week or ten days' outing.

To add to the attractiveness of such a course, all the oysters and clams requisite to satisfy the most ravenous appetite can be procured within a few yards of the houses on the flats.

The 4th of April, 18—, by invitation, found me on Derry Island, at Fox Harbour, 4½ miles from Wallace town, for a ten-days' outing. When we reached the latter place, the sea ice was so very firm that we went in a sleigh out to and into the above island—a thing quite unprecedented at that time of year. It was dusk when we reached the house, and I must confess, when our surroundings were viewed the next morning, the prospects for very extra good shooting were remote, for, apart from a few hundred acres of water, where Wallace and Fox Harbours met, the whole horizon in the direction of the sea was an extended body of ice. Nothing daunted, however, we were determined to know, and to know that day, if there had been any immigrants to that open spot.

You have no doubt noticed, reader, if a close observer in sport, that migratory birds come and go about the same time every year, irrespective of weather. My companion S., with his boatman, rigged themselves up in an entirely white dress, and started to their ice-boat on a small sled for that—pool shall I call it?—on a mission purely of investigation.

This was then fully two miles distant. While they were thus engaged, your humble servant, with his boatman, prepared their ice-boat for service. To help you who have never seen a boat of the above kind, to better understand the nature of it, as we shall have to talk about it a great deal, I shall spend a part of the time of their absence in explaining its make-up and get-up. The intention is to have the boat resemble as closely as possible a floating ice-cake, and the nearer it can be made to approach that, the more successful the occupants will be. They range from 9 to 11 feet in length, according as they are intended for one or two parties, and are 6 feet wide. The bottom of the main part is much the shape of a fishing-dory, but much lower on the side. The bow is boarded or canvassed some 2½ or 3 feet from the stern, the latter not being over 9 inches high. Then there is a cock-pit, formed by the washboard extending from the covered bow to the stern, and it is in this pit the gunners lie. A bend is necessary on the edge of the closed-in bow to hold on small ice-cakes, put there the more strongly

to represent the natural cake. The wash-boards are utilized in the same way, besides being a protection against the washing water. These boats are propelled by paddles, independent of each other, so that the boat can be steered and turned in a short space. The paddles are enclosed or encased in a projection starting some two feet from the bow, forming a part of the bow, so as not to cause dead or drag water. They are entirely out of sight. The man providing the stern with elbow-grease sits on a box or bag of straw between the handles of the paddles, so low down that nothing can be seen of him, but he has a peeking-place in front of him, while the regular gunner has a seat near the stern, also out of sight when approaching head on.

The bottom of the boat has to be considerably rounded, so that it will turn easily. It is not necessary to say there must be a bluish white, like snow ice, which clamper ice mostly is. As they draw little water, and consequently take small hold of it, they are poor craft to go to windward, when tides and winds are contrary. When starting on a new

cruise the covered-in bow is filled with little ice-cakes if they can be got, if not, by snow, the one or other to relieve the boat of woody appearance. When the clamper ice enters the harbours with the flood tide, as it does when they are open, then the geese and brants feed around them on the particles of eel-grass they (the clampers) have started from the bottom when aground at low water. The birds thus busily engaged, the ice-boat can readily be paddled up within shot.

Did you hear those four guns a little ago? I did, and the boys must have found some game. After half an hour or so, bang went the guns again. Only three this time. Hardly had we noticed, when bang went the fourth. The tide is coming, and they will soon have to return, so we—that is, my boatman and myself—were becoming very anxious to find out what all that firing resulted in. Well, patience had its perfect work, and after a while we saw them in the distance dragging the sledge, which was almost a sure indication of some game. As they came nearer, we could not stand the pressure of suspense, so went to

meet them, and our eyes were gladdened with the sight of three geese and three brants, with very encouraging reports of future prospects. The balance of that day was spent in preparations for the next.

Not being anxious for an accumulation of game in the early part of the cruise, John, our boatman and an A 1 cook, decided to tempt our appetite at tea with a goose stew. It was done up in most savoury style, and we all got ravenous long before our hunger could be satisfied. I need not tell you, reader, how one's appetite grows on a cruise of this kind. Not even six meals a day, with dough-nuts between times, seem to stop the craving. Well, when the meal was over, that goose that was, was not there.

The next morning found us ready for business as early as it was pleasant to face the frosty wind, and with our ice-boat (*Daisy*) on the sled, we started off together for the open water. Once at its edge, our glasses exposed to longing eyes several bunches of birds—geese, brants, and ducks—located all over the opening. As there was no floating ice, the birds, especially the geese, fought shy of

us, so that it was difficult to get a handy shot. However, by allowing my boat to drift, while S. was trying to approach them, a fine bunch sagged near enough to me to open fire, and I did so, laying out two on the first shot, and tumbling one on the second with my No. 8. Well, my boatman tried on his No. 10, both barrels, without bringing any down, but one left the flock and settled to leeward. "Havers!" cried S., "for getting you that shot." That is, on the principle of one fellow driving and the other fellow shooting. "Suppose you take a turn now." "All right, after we get the one that settled to leeward." As we paddled toward him, he swam from us, and the main flock rose and circled toward S., starting two other flocks as they went. By George! Well, I believe that other flock is going to range close enough to S. There they go; they are close enough now, and will get a salute soon. Now they have spied the boat, and are turning to get away. Old fellows, you'll catch it now! Up go their two guns: four barrels levelled on them. There they go, "Bang!" down came two. "Bang!" nothing. "Bang!" one leaves. "Bang!"

another leaves. That first one acts funny: look at him. He is going up in the heavens. See him circle—still going up, and yet going up, until now he is so high and still going, until he looks no larger than a pigeon. That lad must be struck in the head. Look! look! He is circling still, but is coming down. See! He fell a lot then. He's pretty sick. Watch him! He takes a big swerve now. There! there! there! there he goes, head first, then end over end, flop in the water, stone dead. Well done! While these antics were being watched, the other wounded one bore away to leeward towards my boat, but lit 100 yards short. When watching him, our own wounded one we had gone for was near by.

After being disappointed several times by bunches circling short of us, four came along that the wounded one saw and spoke to. His "houk!" settled the business, and they were coming straight for our beam. "Look out, Will! Give these chaps plenty of windage. Now is our time. I'll take the two leaders, and you the last ones. Give it to them!" "Bang!" mine: one short, one hurt. "Bang!" Will's: one down.

"Bang!" missed stern shot the last fellow. "Bang!" goes my second No. 8, far enough ahead that time, for down he came. Three down, and were picked up. See that fellow I struck—that second fellow in the flock? He's going out to the ice. There he settled out on the Gulf ice. "Will, do you see that immense body of birds outside, circling over the ice? They are brants, as sure as you live! Have just arrived. We will see you to-morrow, old fellows!" The tide was beginning to come, and the birds had mostly been driven from the water out on to the ice. Mr. Appetite was rushing in for the island, so we headed him and left the game to fatten; but prior to doing so, shot our decoy-goose, as also the wounded one that came down to us from S.

We noticed the open water was enlarged rapidly, and the ice rotting fast, as the sun and wind the past two days were very warm, so that while we had had uncommon success the two days on the ground, yet we were convinced there was still sport ahead. Our eleven birds loaded the sled, and made a beautiful picture for us so early in the outing.

We walked along to the island as spry of foot as if we were going for a dance. Our housekeeper came from the main just as we were leaving in the morning, so that when the door was open the air was so fragrant with savoury fumes from roast brant it was almost impossible to control our appetites to get ready for the table. Now, my readers, come right in, and partake with us. There is plenty. Three large brants. Now, do come, and delight all hands of us. Did you hear what the cook said then—"Save your appetites for some of this plum-pudding"? Now, don't stay back with the idea there is not enough for us and you. Just hear that S. and John on that side of the table groaning. I knew they would, if they kept up the pace they started in at; but S. says he was sighing because he had to let up on goose for that pudding. You may believe that explanation if you like. I won't. I know them too well. We had enough movability left to set back from the table, smoke a cigar, and leave for the Land of Nod for the space of two hours. When we returned, John and Will, who returned sooner, had the geese drawn,

peppered, and charcoaled for preservation, and hung up in the game-house.

This method of preserving game and keeping it sweet for two or three weeks, is much the best I know. I have found them as nice after being shot seventeen days as when first shot. When we awoke, we were surprised to find the whole face of the heavens changed. In the early part it was so calm and bright we feared it was the inevitable weather-breeder, and such it was likely to be, and was, for the cloudless sky had given place to a downcast—a threatening — one, with the wind blowing heavily from the stormy easterly quarter. This rather pleased us, as we knew it needed such to break up the ice, open the harbours, start the drift-ice, uncover the oyster and clam beds, and thus enlarge the scope of our operations. That night at twelve it was blowing a fierce gale, accompanied with snow, which shortly turned to rain; and then it poured, keeping it up during the day until too late to go to the feeding-grounds. But we received lots of pleasure that day as we watched a channel opening in Fox Harbour on the ebb tide, as

also the wearing away of the ice adjoining the open water. The channel referred to above was scarcely opened when a flock of geese were seen winging their way from the outside ice towards it, and alighting there to feed. This brought up the necessity of making a blind on the ice in their course of flight from the outside water to the channel; so that afternoon, about halfway between these two feeding-grounds, a breastwork of ice-cakes and snow was built, the floor on the ice being spruce boughs. So far as this went, so good, but left thus, not a goose would come within range, so we took there fifteen decoy-geese, and twelve decoy-brants, which were placed within range of the blind, always to the windward on the ice. Then, not expecting any birds, we went back to the house, which we had scarcely reached when seven geese came flying in from outside, as if on a scouting mission, passed directly over the blind—circled—lowered—circled—lit.

See them on the ice, close to the decoys, heads and necks up, as if trying to make out to which branch of the goose family they claimed relationship—certainly not to a very

noisy one. The old gander travelled around amongst them, but, apparently becoming disgusted with the want of friendliness displayed, moved back to his own. Oh, what a chance was there then! for they all moved together. We could have tumbled over three or four; but they were there, and we here. After a few minutes they started up again, and went up to the flock in the channel, where they were originally bound. The next morning we were up betimes, and were delighted with the appearance of the enlarged operating-field. The outside water was a mile square at least, and the channel up by the island 200 yards by 15 yards. Our opera-glasses disclosed greatly increased quantities of game on the harbour, with nine blue-wings down by the ice-blind, among the brants. We decided to go out in the ice-boats in the forenoon, more with the view of ascertaining about the game, though with no expectancy of getting any, as without drift-ice it was difficult to approach very near, and, with the ordinary goose-punt, it was useless to attempt it. We therefore started out with little hope, but found large numbers

of brants had arrived during the past two days, and were sitting all over Wallace Harbour, which the open water embraced. When we saw that, our hopes rose of having at least a shot. The tide was ebbing, and the inner feeding-grounds were bearing fast.

Just see the geese on that outside bar. My! my! Wish we could get there. S. spied them, and started in their direction. Hundreds of them are beginning to feed on that spot. "Will, suppose we try to get upon them?" So we started also. Now, S. had quite a lead, 100 yards or more, so I saw the most hopeful chance would be to work off to the eastward of S., and endeavour to get between them and the ice, being convinced that, if the birds rose and did not settle again when pressed by S., they would leave for the Gulf ice for safety and rest. So Will pushed on *Daisy* at a rapid rate, making great headway with the tide. Now we were fairly well placed, and we put over our little anchor, and awaited developments. As S. approached nearer and nearer, the geese kept walking towards the land, into a wide deep

cove. He kept pressing them, but they would not let him get near enough for a shot. At last they began to mistrust, stopped feeding, did not like the look of that ice-cake.

Now, it has been my experience, in hunting geese and brant, that it is wise not to press them with the boat when they are swimming from you. Let them see that they can get away from the thing following, then, when they slacken, get upon them quickly, slowing down the boat again when they move off; generally, the third time, you can approach near enough to fire before they try to escape. As I found they had shifted position so much after we anchored, we raised it, and got more in direct line to the outside ice. "Will, it begins to look as if S. and John will get a chance at them. They are less than 100 yards off now, and the boat is to windward, and they must rise in that direction." The prospects were brightening, and they made me tremble with excitement. If no false move is made now, they will get an awakening soon. "Will! S. is going to fire." He has his gun levelled, and they are standing with

heads erect, ready to jump. "Bang!" goes S.'s No. 8. They jump towards the boat, when, "Bang! bang! bang!" They were tumbling in every direction, but, for the moment, my own work was cut out. "Don't move, Will, for your life! Get both barrels ready. They are coming directly for us, about 20 yards up. Don't move till you get the word from me, then act quickly." So, when the head ones were abreast of our boat, and a little back, I called out—"Now, Will! give it to them. Aim well ahead." When that shout was made, and the guns thrown up, that hitherto harmless ice-cake became suddenly transformed into veritable gunners on murder bent, and that flock of geese was more surprised than when S. woke them up. "Will, keep your eyes on the flock as they go to the ice. There may be more fall." We have down, six; four of them dead, two winged, and they are working off. "Mr. P., there goes another fellow, and, by George! there has another one left the flock, with his wings set, going off towards the westward. Great Scot! he is down, too. I know he fell dead, the way he tumbled. Load up again, quick, with

No. 1, and I'll use No. 2, and let us get after those two winged ones, or we'll lose them." Will soon started her, and we began to gain on the nearest one. "The other chap is going off at right angles. Now, Will, try your No. 10 on him. Bang! he's under, don't think you touched him. Give him the other as soon as he shows above. Bang! There he lies, with his wings spread. Now for the other! load up, and we are after him. He knows it too, and it is no mean race. What is the matter with him? He is not larger than a teal. Well! well! well! did you ever see the equal of that?"

This fellow had actually weighted his body —a power that geese and some ducks have, when closely pursued, and can by this keep their bodies invisible under water, with their beaks just above. "Get up near, Will, and I'll blow him from under water with my No. 8 blunderbuss." So when we were within 6 or 8 yards of his bill, or beak, I spied it moving along quite fast, so pulled on it. The volume of that shot was so great from my No. 8 that I actually killed him under water. Then we returned, and picked up the four that fell short.

S. had several down, and was chasing some wounded ones, when we started after the two seen to fall out towards the ice. The wind and the tide were in our favour going for them, and they were soon in the boat, as we found them dead. But now, friends, the wind and tide combined say, "Get back."

Will worked and pumped. Sometimes we gained a little, and oftener didn't. When he caved in I took his place, and pumped those paddles, till the sap was nearly gone. Then we anchored awhile, and looked in scorn at those two birds that were working so hard. Anchor is up again, and those ponderous wheels are revolving with a swiftness and power approaching those of a Cunarder. White *Daisy* is forging ahead, and more out of the tide. Then we got hopeful, and, after a time, came to anchorage near S., who had been watching our struggle back. "How many have you, S. and John? Half a dozen?" "Well, I guess." "I don't believe it." "Well, you may, for we have." "For we have what?" "Why, if you must know, six." "I don't believe it yet." "Well, then, count. There's one—there's two—there's three." I noticed,

when lifted, that one had a peculiar blood-mark about his head. "Now, there's four; then there's five." "Well done!" "And there's six." "Ah! no, you don't! that last one you counted as No. 3. You have only got five. Be honest." "Let us come alongside your boat, and see if yours are as fine as ours." Very suddenly they concluded it was time for a shot at brant, as there were several flocks in the opening. As he was starting, he asked, "How many did you get?" "Six!" "Ah, but we know you got more than that. We know we saw you get six ourselves, and we know you got more." So we had to tell them we had eight. "You just played that same 'get to leeward' game you did on the first day, when you captured the best shot." "Well, you know, it is nice to experiment on people that know it all. Now, if you want to go chase brants away to leeward, to paddle back against this tide and wind, do so. You will find it very interesting, as well as muscle and appetite making, the latter of which neither of you chaps want an increase of. We have had all of it necessary to satisfy us for one day at least, and we shall return to the

island." So with our experience, so freely related, they decided prudence in this case should be the better part of valour, and so gave up the hunt for the day—in that form.

On our way up over the ice with the sled-load of geese, we noticed three rise up from the decoys at the blind, and go up Fox Harbour to the channel. Seeing that, S. decided he was going to spend a couple of hours in that blind towards sundown, to try for a shot. The cook, in expectation of our arrival, had a most attractive meal ready for us. I don't believe you could guess, as the boys say, in six guesses. He was an old stager about Derry Island, and knew just where to go for clams, so he had taken his axe to cut the ice, and his hoe for the clams, and thus secured ample for a big clam hash made up of fat pork, onions, clams, bread-crumbs, and a number of etceteras, that helped to make it a most enjoyable dish. Don't think this was all. We weren't living on starvation rations. Don't you get that idea. We went there to live like fighting cocks, and you might have been there too, right now; but a

reader who would not accept the hospitality of a dinner of roast brant must not expect a repeated invitation to clam hash and buckwheat pancakes soaked in maple syrup. Why, the remembrance of such a delicacy lingers with me so long that I have to fight my lips at this writing to prevent them smacking together. Don't you wish for a plate of clams just now? Wait a day longer, and we'll invite you to oysters. Cook says he knows the spot for them. There was a little too heavy ice to-day. They are such nice, fat, tender little fellows, one has just to open his mouth and they move right along. They are just so delicious, the inclination to keep them moving can't be resisted.

This is the spot for an outing for a worn-out, dragged-down, no-appetite, nervous, crotchety, cranky individual. A fortnight here, if he has an inclination and knows how to use a gun, with all the make-up, on such a cruise would transform him almost into an angel of light. When the island was reached, a couple of S.'s friends from Wallace were there to see him, interested in his success. These, of course, opened their eyes as our pile of birds

loomed up on the sled, and they grew larger when allowed to look in the game-closet. A lot of Canadian geese, such as we had hanging there after this day's success, presented a sight pretty enough for a picture. They partook of our clam feast and pancakes, leaving Derry Island with a flattering report to make of our success at so early a stage in the outing.

The following morning we decided to divide our forces somewhat, by Will going out alone in the *Daisy*, leaving me to look after the ice-blind, while S. and John went in their boat. When the ebb tide answered, they started for their boats and the open water, while I partook myself to the blind, not reaching it any too soon, for scarcely was I under cover when my ears were greeted with a good morning "houk!" from two geese flying directly for the decoys, but very high. They were invited to draw nearer by a responsive "houk!" from that prostrate gander behind the cover, which they could not resist, so they swerved from their course up harbour, made a circle, dropping 40 yards, and have spread their wings to light amongst those outside decoys; but they did not do it, for No. 8 with a bang sent one

kicking, and the next bang tumbled his companion. "What a shame to kill them both!" I hear my tender-hearted reader say. But this warm-hearted old sportsman replies, "It would have been cruel to leave one to wander alone, so he didn't." No. 8 is ready again. My attention is aroused by what sounded like a gun. I listen, when a bang salutes me, followed in a moment with "bang," a pause, "bang." Then looking in the direction of the water, I saw large flocks of both geese and brants on the wing, some of them going to the Gulf ice, more of them circling over and settling on the feeding-ground; while coming towards me on the way to the channel are three small flocks. The leading flock was very high, the others lower, but not in direct range. They spy the decoys, and are making towards them. "Houk! hawouk!" comes the signal; "Hawouk!" goes the answer. They swerve towards me, but suddenly check themselves, and continue up the harbour. What occasioned that unexpected change? Those two dead geese lying on the bottom of the blind. I cannot say, reader, "I was very sorry;" for even when gunning there is a little streak of

tenderness left in my composition, which the appearance of eight inquisitive blue-wings that dared to come to inspect my shams completely buried out of sight, five of them paying the penalty of that rashness. "Bang! bang! bang!" "Well done, boys! You are into the fun too." "Bang! bang!" "Hurrah, Will! Well done, boys!" That must be you. Geese, brants, and ducks in great quantities are on the wing. Most of them, disliking the music, are off to the ice; but there is a flock of geese coming in over the dyke between Oak Island and the main, that have not been in the racket.

They have just come down the strait, and are seeking feeding-ground. My call went after them, and they are coming directly for me. The old gander speaks, and is answered. Speaks again—still coming. Don't think that any one is nervous around that blind just now, but there's a shaking from some cause. See them! See them! See them! Their wings are set, and they are going to light. They are down in the midst of the decoys. That old gander's head reaches up to the clouds, taking in the situation, as much as to say, as

he begins strutting, "What kind of a scrape have we got into?" The more he investigated, the less he seemed to be satisfied. He would have been much less so had he seen two No. 8 barrels pointing at him. Now he walks to the others, apparently for consultation. Poor fellows! Must I break it up? Just then that kind streak of mine cropped up again, the outcome of which was that, as they must be very tired, charity required me to shoot them, and shoot them I did, four of them not knowing what happened, the two other starting up for the channel opening, got safely away, as I supposed, through the left barrel snapping.

The cook found a goose on the ice opposite the house that evening, which must have been one of them. As these were gathered up and spread out on the ice with the others, the sight satisfied me. The boys wouldn't have much of a laugh on the old man, nor did they; for when they came along at noon, I went out to meet them. You can imagine they were very inquisitive as to my luck, and they found me equally communicative, of course, to satisfy their curiosity. Their luck was offset by one gander and three black ducks. The help of

the sled had to be procured to carry mine to the island, so we went off to the blind. "Great Scot!" was the first salute. Harry Weasel followed it: "You've fooled us nicely!" S. said, "I thought you were fooling us all the time. I felt those shot brought you more game than you admitted. Never mind, boys, we'll get even with him yet." The ice was melting fast and breaking up, and another storm was at hand. We were all tired when the game was lying on the platform at the house, and cook said, "You are just in time. The goose and duck are done, and all get ready for dinner." He did not have to say that twice, nor coax us to be seated at the table. We even allowed him, in our thoughtfulness, to do the carving, while we attempted to overtake our growing appetites, and hold them in check for the plum-pudding that was to follow. We whiled away the time that afternoon cleaning the guns, loading cartridges, spinning yarns, and playing forty-fives. The next morning ushered in a big wind and rain storm, which brought into the open basin large quantities of drift ice, or broken ice out of the strait, amongst which were heavy clampers

that grounded in the harbour before the tide was half down, thus affording splendid shelter as blinds for geese and brants on their flight to the feeding-grounds.

During the next three days we had variable success. On Wednesday of the following week information came to us from the strait shore, that during a heavy wind on the day before thousands of grey geese had come down the gulf before it, while all the harbours where the geese on flight scattered themselves usually in the spring, were still closed. We therefore expected, as Wallace and Fox Harbours (adjoining) were the only waters where they could feed, that we would be kept busy that (Wednesday) afternoon. So at one o'clock we were on the move, quick march, for Brant Point, a mile from the house, where our ice-boats were awaiting us.

From a knoll with our glasses we surveyed the solid ice outside. What a sight greeted us! Acres of geese here, there, and everywhere, were resting, sleeping—solid black masses, so we knew that as soon as the flats began to bear, they would be on the move. The wind was blowing heavily down the bay, and

the ebb-tide running in the same direction, so we all decided not to attempt to go after birds falling over 100 yards to leeward, but to leave any that thus fell to two lobster sailing-boats that had come out from the eastern shore to pick up. S. and John placed their boat first to windward of a clamper, on which there was a sort of cove that nicely concealed them. There they anchored, as it was in line with some of the best feeding-ground. Will and I found another, grounded about 200 yards to leeward of S. and anchored the *Daisy*.

From these two positions we had an excellent view of the ice as well as the geese, and could see every flock as it started. The tide had ebbed a couple of feet when we saw the first flock of thirty rise from the ice, head the wind and make toward the feeding-ground, which brought them within easy range of S. and John. What a pretty, exciting sight! S. and John are concealed, ready for action. They are now nicely within shot, labouring along against that heavy wind, entirely unconscious of what is awaiting them. The head of the flock has passed a little, when up

rise the boys, and up go the guns. While we were quivering with the excitement of the scene, the old gander has twigged the movement, and gives the alarm, which broke up the direct line, making a falling backwards and a rushing together, when "Bang!" down they come. "Bang! bang!" they are still falling. "Bang!" and yet they come. At this reception they whirled before the wind, circling to windward of our clamper, which brought them within our range, but moving like a streak of light. "Will, take those head fellows; give them five or six feet windage. I'll take the middle. Now give it to them." "Bang! bang! bang!" Well done! Well done! S. hasn't got them all, anyway. There are five dead, two more fall to leeward, and one scaled. The five were soon in the boat, and S. gathered up even more than that. Great Scot! Those poor fellows got rough treatment. While we were after those, two other flocks came along, that, seeing our boats, turned up the harbour for the channel feeding-ground. Just look out towards the ice. What a sight! Hundreds—I would be justified in saying thousands—for they were coming in

flocks from three to fifty, all making for the feeding-ground.

To say that we were kept busy loading, shooting, and picking up, only faintly conveys the excitement in our ice-boats the next two hours. We got perfectly wild; and who wouldn't, with any of the "shoot" in him?

I had seen wonderful exhibitions of game on the North-West prairies, but the scene here went far beyond in comparison. When the flats bared so that the geese could wade, and the boats, with their heavy cargoes, could not approach them, they literally gathered by the thousand, flocks joining them constantly. These would feed for a while, then, with a roar like thunder, would rise, circle, still rise, circle, and still rise, then settle in the same way, and feed again. What a sight! What a sight! Never did I, although a sportsman of fifty summers, ever see, or expect to see, a sight at all approaching to what was before me. There were all the birds that usually were gathered in scores of harbours, congregated within the compass of half a mile, feeding and talking. A "pow-wow" of a

hundred wild Indians would be entirely cast in the shade by the "houks!" of that body of geese.

The direct flight for that tide being over, we left them feeding, and started for the shore. We paddled directly by them; but a goose is such a good judge of distance, he knows, when he can see you, just how close to let you approach; and so intent were they on something to eat, that they did not even raise their heads, with the exception of the sentinels. By allowing the tide to fall too low before attempting to land, we had the privilege of backing thirty-eight geese—that was the number we picked up—a third of a mile to the land, also to drag the boats thither. We had to make three trips with the sled to remove them to the house. Just look, with me, at them as they lie on that platform before being hung in the game-room. Is not this fellow an old settler? What a strapper! and this one! and that! In fact, there are a dozen that have been this way a number of seasons before. Bouncers, ain't they? Could it be possible that this great display of Canadian geese could be captured

within four hours? Yet there they were to decide the matter.

A goose is a most deceptive bird for inexperienced gunners to shoot. They are so large, they are much farther away than they seem, and their flight much swifter, so that many a goose escapes the shot sent after it by unskilful sportsmen. The knowing how to do it is what makes so large a proportion of big ganders in that pile. After they were disposed of in the cold-room, Old Appetite put in his claim for attention, and that at once. When we were in the Land of Bedlam, no one had thought of him; but he will not be longer ignored. The savoury smell of onions from that dish of oysters makes him ravenous, while the cook's big plate of biscuit, accompanied by that bowl of dough-nuts, don't improve his behaviour in the slightest.

Now, reader, you have been looking at our birds: do come in and join us at tea. There is plenty and to spare for all hands. By the time we had finished, it was dark, so we settled back on our easy-chairs, recounted some of the exciting scenes of the afternoon, whiffed our pipes, and finished up with a

game of euchre. While all this was being performed, we were edified and exhilarated by a tune we designated the "'Houker' Quick-step," for to the right of us, to the left of us, in front of us, and behind us, there was nothing but geese, geese, geese. The brants and ducks were not in it then. That channel in front of the island, only some 300 yards away, had opened by the current a third of a mile, and it was literally packed. The geese at night on the flood remained, and fed on the morning ebb, leaving for the ice at day-dawn. The question came up at the table as to the quantity we had seen that afternoon, the number ranging between forty-five and seventy-five thousand, so we settled on the lesser number, which was well within bounds.

As the weather was growing warm, the ice was breaking up fast, thus opening up other harbours, so that the next day we observed a very marked difference in the numbers visible. However, we had another afternoon of excellent shooting, not exactly on the same ground, but nearer the ice-floe, and farther to the north, as the wind had

changed, altering somewhat the range of flight to the feeding-ground. We secured several good shots that afternoon also, and went ashore with eighteen fine birds, all large ones. The like never was known in that neighbourhood, and is not likely to be again. Besides these, we know of eleven being picked up to leeward that we shot—one boat securing eight.

Well, like everything else, our trip is drawing to a close. Friday morning has come along—the last of it—so Will and I started out in pursuit of a finishing-up shot. With our glasses we noticed a large flock of geese sitting on the edge of the Fox Harbour ice, near by the light-house—a most inviting shot; so we paddled along with the flood, and were soon within a few hundred yards, when we observed the old gander out by himself on sentinel duty, while all the others were sleeping with their heads under their wings.

To make the approach to them less noticeable, drifting along by the edge of stationary ice was a floating, drifting ice-cake, some two feet out of water. Behind this we sneaked

and drifted with it, till we were as near as we ought to be for an effective shot, so we pushed the *Daisy* ahead of the cake, and just then, and not till then, did the gander sound the alarm. Up like a flash went all their heads, but there was apparently nothing confronting them; even the old gander lowered his head, as though he had been fooled by a little ice-cake. Now as many as ten strutted up together, and as they saw me level my gun, their heads straightened up accordingly. "Now," thought I, "nothing less than half a dozen here!" They were so near now, not more than 12 yards. If I fired at their bodies, they would be torn to pieces and spoiled. The right barrel was levelled so as just to take their heads. My clothing was so burdensome—two or more coats, leather vest and the like—that they made me very clumsy, and consequently the butt could not be got near my shoulder to steady the gun. When I fired, therefore, the concussion made her jump, and the charge went over every bird—not one was touched except by the wind. All jumped up and winged their flight. The results were so disappointing

that, by the time my thoughts were collected sufficiently, they were all out of range but the old gander. On him a parting bead was drawn, and down he came on a portion of ice that was very unsafe, and so far from the edge, as to prevent our approaching him with the boat. So we got behind the clamper already referred to, to watch developments. After a while, thinking he was alone, this gander that had been shamming helplessness, suddenly obtained a new lease of life, and started for the woods on the light-house shore, at least 500 yards away. We allowed him to travel until he reached ice strong enough for Will to follow him. When he observed Will on his track, to show his cunning, he turned from the shore for the outside ice—but too late. Will soon had him by the leg, and stopped his further running. Thus ended the last act in the drama, and we returned to Derry Island to make ready for our departure the next Saturday morning.

To commemorate this grand outing the birds were hung up in front of the house, the gunners were placed in suitable positions, and the "kodak" brought into requisition.

Then they were stowed away in boxes and packed in bags, ready to be removed to Wallace the next morning, provided—provided what?—that the ice between us and the mainland moved out. It was then so rotten as to be unsafe to cross; nor could we work through it with boats. This was our position when we retired Friday night—one of uncertainty; so you can imagine all were pleased to find the channels in both harbours open to boat navigation the next morning. At seven o'clock our boats were loaded, and half an hour later Derry Island was bade adieu by the writer and his pleasant companions, realizing that this outing had transformed us into vigorous men, and given us a new lease of life. Our birds were weighed at the station, and totalled upwards of 700 lbs., several being over 12 lbs., and there were a hundred geese besides those we used. Some thirty of our friends were remembered in the distribution, and the balance sold to a poultryman in one of our principal towns. This sale realized sufficient to pay every expense of the outing, and we separated, feeling that the last twelve days had been amongst the happiest

of our lives. The success attending this cruise is so much out of the ordinary luck of sporting mortals, that some of the unfortunate ones may consider it is exaggerated; nevertheless, it is strictly true.

The wonderfully successful outing recorded above became widely known amongst our sporting friends, and little persuasion was needed to induce them to travel hundreds of miles to participate in the sports and pastimes Derry Island and its vicinity usually afforded. So April 4th the following spring found us there again—that is, S. and the writer, with a friend from New York, and another from Toronto. These shall be known in this narrative as Pat, Bac, Gun, and Bob, with our helpers, Will, Jack, and Jonah. This season was as unseasonably early as the previous one had been late, consequently, the Canadian geese we expected to meet here as before had preceded us a fortnight, and only scattering small flocks were lingering. Fox and Wallace harbours and rivers had been open several days, and Northumberland Strait was free of drift ice, so that the geese had open feeding-ground everywhere.

It was difficult, for want of ice, to approach in our ice-boats the few seen; nor did they come to Derry's Well, so that the days passed by without producing very satisfactory results. Yet we were encouraged by the knowledge that brants were behind, and might be expected in large bodies any day. We were living like fighting-cocks on—the fat of the land: oysters, clams, *cohawks* (I am doubtful if that is right), razor-fish, blue-wings, roast beef, baked beans, filling in the gaps by reading, smoking, yarning, and playing forty-fives. Of course you do not know what they are. If not, then guess. Each morning the horizon was scanned with the glasses, in the hope that the long looked-for had come at last; but not they. On the Monday forenoon of the second week a large flock of geese, a couple of hundred at least, was observed feeding on a clan-spit, in a deep cove, half a mile to the east of the island. How to get a shot at these at once became the exciting question. If not disturbed, we felt reasonably sure they would be on the same ground the following tide, so we began to plan an attack upon them accordingly. The most feasible

way of approaching them to within shot seemed to be by lantern and reflector, especially as the nights were pitchy dark. This plan was decided upon, therefore, while Pat and Jack undertook to get the necessary gear ready, by making a box sufficiently large to accommodate a railway-engine reflector and lantern, which we intended using. Thus equipped, and the box securely attached to the bow of a gunning-punt 13 feet long, with four thwarts, we considered ourselves ready for the performance when the tide suited. Now, all of us could not go on this murderous cruise, so the hardest-hearted fellows were selected—Pat, Bac, and Gun—to do the slaughtering, while Jack, the courageous scout, was to pole them to those unsuspecting birds. "Old gander, if you could only hear what these companions of mine are saying, you would not stay out there 'houking,' but get up and get away quickly. Why, there's Bac has a dozen of you down already with the double discharge of his trusty No. 8, while what Gun is planning with his trusty *circle-shooter* I hesitate to name here, but suppose you ought to know. Have you ever heard of the

gunner that was sitting in the corner of his old-fashioned fireplace, loading his old Queen Anne, and, just as he had the powder rammed, he heard the 'houk!' of one of your family overhead. Leaving the *ramrod* in to supply the place of shot, he fired up the chimney, and strung you up by the dozen! Now, Gun is not going to treat you so cruelly, but listen, he told Pat just now that he was going to lay you out in windrows. I just think that is awful, and told him so. Would you think it, the cruel fellow just laughed at the prospect of the fun for him, without the slightest consideration for you. Linger a little, and you will hear more plotting. There is that Pat, who always boasts of the way he knocked spots out of you last April, is worse than cross to think the bulk of your relations stole a march on him this year, and got away before he came. You *can* see the murder in his eye by the machine he has rigged on that boat to blind you. If my spectacles would help you out of the terrible trouble confronting you, my sympathy of soul would send them ahead to you. Pat, by working ingeniously on the generosity of his friend Gun,

has got his consent not to fire until he has stopped his score or more. The only hopeful escape I see for you is that the recoil of his No. 8. blunderbuss may knock him overboard, which it occasionally does. Poor birds! It is well you can't see into the future, or you would take out life and accident policies."

Scout Jack is sitting there, getting on his long leather boots, with his face as long as the Moral Law, at the probability of having to wade his boat back to the island with that prospective load. He sees his work is cut out for him, and sighs at the very thought. Come along with me, reader, and have a peep in upon them as they rig up for the jaunt. The wind is blowing an easterly gale—cold and raw—necessitating warm clothing to prevent being chilled. Our friends have lots of it, so they appropriate short hose, long hose, gaiters, leather and rubber boots, wool shirts and jumpers, corduroy pants and vests, leather jackets and vests, oil-coats, rubber coats, gloves, and mittens, and heavy caps. These they piled on till they could get on no more. Ordinarily clad, they would turn 200—not pigmies, by any means; but now,

with the above additions, become veritable giants. John has stepped up beside us, and whispers, "Hope none of them will fall down or tumble overboard—I'd never get them up!" Will from the shore shouts out, "I hear the old ganders; they have just arrived, and there appear to be lots of them." At this report those of us who were to remain took down our guns to the boat and waded her off, so that they could get started while the sportsmen followed along. The lantern was now lighted, and showed up brilliantly ahead. Gun was given the place of honour next the box, so that he might have a fair chance to lay out his windrows; Bac taking the second place, where his keen eye and acute ear would serve him in his prospective slaughter; while Pat, the slayer of his hundreds, occupied the third place, sitting there, all drawn down and looking as meek as Moses, but keeping that fellow Gun in view, that he did not cheat him out of his shot. Thus placed, with a push from each of us who were to stay behind, and a shove from John's pole, off they went on the wild-goose chase. "Good luck!" all of us shouted, and returned to the

house, leaving a signal lantern on the shore. While you are sitting there with them waiting to hear the cannonade open, come with me in the boat, and see the fun there.

The foolish old ganders, by their incessant "*houking*" lead us straight to them. The tide being in our favour aids John very materially in overcoming the force of wind, so that we come upon them faster than expected. In a short time we are up to them; they are visible. What a large flock, two hundred at least, and black ducks amongst them, feeding all around! We are now within 60, 50, 40, 30, 20 yards of them, some so blinded by the intensity of the light that they actually hit the boat, near enough, if we dare to reach out, to take them by the neck. A bunch of duck has sagged to leeward and taken our scent, and up they go "quack! quack! quack!" This starts the geese together. Oh, what chances! Directly in front of Bac are the dozen he spoke for, with their heads erect, winking at one another as though waiting for him, while he, patient soul, not wishing to spoil the shots of the others, was delaying the slaughter of the innocents, awaiting the signal from Pat,

who was sitting with both barrels cocked and scores in front of him listening for the word from Bac to fire; the result in both cases being the want of arrangement. There, before these excited sportsmen, sat the disturbed circle-shooter arranging his windrows for future action, when all of a sudden the scene was changed; the birds, being pressed so closely, became bewildered by the light, so that when a second lot of ducks jumped with their danger-signal "quack! quack!" up went the whole of them with a deafening rush, and up went the guns.

Our friend Gun, not having straightened his gun-barrel since he fired the circular shot at a "shell-duck"—wherein lies a tale I shall not tell you here—had this to do now, which gave the others the opportunity they wanted, and "bang! bang! bang! bang!" they are tumbling in every direction. Such "houking" as there was in their efforts to get away, made it a complete Bedlam. Fifteen or more, are there on the water, and several others are threshing themselves off with broken wings. While all this was being enacted, Gun spies the windrow coming towards him as they

circled over those lying on the water. "Give them plenty of windage, Gun!" shouts Bac, when "bang! bang!" is followed by Egyptian darkness. "Holy horrors!" shouts some one. "This is a deuce of a go! What's the matter? Stick your pole down, John, and hold the boat. Well! well! well! if this don't beat the Dutch!" And all burst out laughing at the ridiculousness of the situation. Not to get the lantern lighted, and that very soon, meant to us the loss of our birds. So that while our position was most ludicrous, it was also serious, made more so from the fact that our supply of matches was small, not having prepared ourselves for an emergency like this.

Jack allowed the boat to swing by the pole before the wind, which was so high that as soon as the match was struck it blew out. This was a dilemma not anticipated, leaving us in a most absurd, and, we must confess laughable, plight. The only remedy at hand was to get back to Derry Island as speedily as possible before the tide got too low, otherwise we would have to wade hundreds of yards through the mud.

So homeward we started, reminded by Brother Gun that "the best-laid schemes of mice and men '*gang aft aglee.*'" "Troubles," it is said, "never come single-handed;" and so it proved in this case, for scarcely had we gone two-thirds of the way back, using the signal-lantern on the shore as our guide, when John informed us the water was shoaling very fast, and the boat would soon be aground. "Great Scot!" we exclaimed, "not away out here?" Hardly had he remarked this, when we became conscious of the fact she was aground—hard and fast, and the only way out of the scrape now was to *wade*. Just here Bac salutes Pat thus: "Pat, what did I ever do to you, that you brought me into such a scrape as this?" "Holy horrors!" cried the "circle-shooter," "got to wade ashore? Ha! well, here goes it." *Up* he got and *out* he got—"Great Scot!" he calls out of the darkness, "I am down below the top of my boots."

Our situation was so supremely ridiculous, all we could do for a while was to laugh and screech. This was wild-goose hunting with a vengeance. Fortunately, those fellows on the shore can't see us, or they would have

a feast. When Gun removed his giant frame, John was able to push the boat far enough ahead to escape his foot-holes when we started. The boat had to be left with the guns in her till morning, held by the anchor, while we trudged for the shore. Now we are all working towards that light on the bank, wondering we don't hear from those fellows on the shore. Away ahead Gun calls out again, "There, I've lost my boot!" while Bac's guttural tone to the north of us starts out in lively melody, "Persevere and never mind it," followed at the close by Pat's, with the still livelier tune of "Three Little Birds are we." Bac breaks in on the ominous silence which followed these hearty outbursts with, "Oh, crikey! my boots are both full, and a great splash of mud has just struck me in the eye!" responded to by Gun, who is quite a distance ahead. "Bac!" "What?" "'*Persevere and never mind it.*' Where's Pat?" While the others are having this interesting experience, he is off to the left of them. Thought he would get on to hard pan ahead and have the laugh on them. He is working hard, but watch him. Right in his track is a

hole where they have been digging clams. Soon he is going to have the laugh on Bac and Gun, when he takes another step, and down he goes into the hole headlong. "Dang it! what next?" Don't that sound to you as a near approach to classic English? A kind of utterance that comes when a fellow gets an unexpected plunge. He couldn't lie there, even if there was nobody to laugh at and sympathize with him. Presently from the northern pole came the stentorian voice of Bac, "Pat where are you?" followed by the deep guttural tones of Gun. "Pat! Pat! Pat! where are you? Was that you we heard splashing in the water a while ago, and practising swear-talk?" Not a sound from Pat for a little, when the stillness is broken by a deep bass voice, "Three Little Birds are we," which, being encored by the enamoured listeners, was followed by "I'm going home to change my clothes."

Well, troubles and difficulties, like everything else, have an end, and so did this seeking *terra firma*, which, at the closing, was aided by others from the house, bringing the lantern to us. As we stood there admiring each other's

profiles, and bursting with laughter, we kept our voices in tune on "Happy are we to-night, boys! happy, happy are we!" Bob calls out from the bank, "Halloa there! where are the geese? What was all the banging about?" "Ask the 'circle-shooter;' he knows," came the response. Now, John left after the rest of us, and not being so heavily clad, worked along finely, but so weakened by laughter at our expense that he had to stop literally still to gather strength for a fresh start. Don't think, because we are on the shore, the trouble has altogether ended. Do you see that muddy bank yet to be surmounted before we are up on the house-walk? Gun seemed to think, as he had the first privilege of getting out *into* the mud, he would take the first to get out *of* it; so up the bank he started, aided by the light of the lantern, and down he sprawled, his feet slipping from under him. What a fine specimen of ornamental sculpture, shaded with the red Wallace mud, he made! Bac, Pat, Bob, and Jack still stood on the shore, so full of laughter at Gun's exhibitions, that they dare not attempt the ascent, for fear Gun

might turn the laugh on them; so to prevent that, they pressed heavy stones into service, and thus overcame the closing difficulty, arriving in due course at the lodge, where the participants in the shooting spree formed themselves into a "mutual admiration society" for the entertainment of themselves and friends.

Those of you who looked with admiration on our sporting heroes as they went forth to the slaughter of the innocents a few hours ago, return with me and behold them now. Well may you wonder, when you ask if those are the same sportsmen. What wonderful transformant has been at work to change them so? You keep in the background, and I'll question the windrow-shooter. Here is his reply, "Mud! mud! mud!" As he said this he raised his bootless foot and sighed, "Mud! mud! mud!" At this stage in the ceremonies we all went off the handle—the whole affair was so ludicrous. We laughed till we cried, the whole being intoxicated with the excitement. It was a long time before we quieted sufficiently to take lunch. Even in that performance some laughable part would get

uppermost in the mind, just as some one had taken a cup of tea, when off we would all go again, placing the party drinking in an unenviable position. After supper was ended, a smoke followed, and at half-past one o'clock we had quieted sufficiently to retire, and soon were in the land of dreams, not to remain there long undisturbed, for as each of the interested ones returned from the Land of Nod, Gun's "*lost boat*" would come to the surface and have to be inquired about. I can hear him now replying, "Are you deeply interested in it, and would you really like to know?"

"Yaas!"

"Well, go hunt for it!"

"Oh, thunder!" came sounding from the distance. "If you don't go to sleep, and let Gun's boat rest in the mud till morning, I'll fire mine at you."

"Oh, go to sleep!"

About four o'clock quietness reigned supreme, apart from the snoring, and the lantern cruise had ended.

The next morning, or rather that morning, in two boats we searched the shores of the caves and harbours, hoping to find some

of those twenty-five geese reported to be floating about waiting to be picked up; but "nary" a bird did we see, and had to end it, like many another wild-goose chase, without any game. That spree closed up the outing for all of us but Gun, who remained for a week, and had great sport among the brants. The rest started for their respective homes the following morning, much the better for the cruise.

CHAPTER XII.

SALMON-FISHING AT GREENFIELD.

For several years my business required me to be at Greenfield, the head waters of the Medway, during the third week in June, which was the choicest time in the whole season there for salmon and trout fishing. The fishing-pool here extends three-quarters of a mile from the foot of Ponhook (Indian) Lake, 9 miles long to the head of Greenfield Falls, while the river is not more than 75 yards wide here. All through this pool are choice resting-places for salmon. On these trips it was not convenient to take my rod, so I had to rely for one on my friends in the village. On this occasion the Indian guide Newal, known of late years to many American anglers, placed his rod at my disposal, and, tying my gaff to a mill-strip, proceeded to the

foot of the lake about four o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, where a boat was procured, and I went off alone. Now, as experience had taught me *never* to rely on single casts when I had double, nor single hooks when I had double, in dealing with salmon and alone, these were attached to my trusty callon line of 150 yards. Right here came the question of the fly. There are Cock Robin, Silver Doctor, White Admiral, Brown Admiral, Certain Death, Prairie Dog, Yellow-leg, Black Hawk, Tickler, Jock Scott, Butcher, and Fury Brown all before me. My mind and fingers take Yellow-leg to start in with—a medium *double* fly. This had only been cast a few times, when off to the right of me at the head of a rock a lad started with a heavy whirl, but did not hook. Seeing I would have to fish him across the stream, and consequently at a great disadvantage, I moved the boat so as to be ahead of him. Knowing where he was, my fly was cast below and slowly worked up over him. Scarcely had it come to him, when he rushed out like a whale, and was hooked; but in doing so—*miserabili dictu*—the middle piece

of the rod snapped short off. A nice predicament—a big salmon hooked, all alone, and a broken rod! Yet this was no time for moralizing. Action of some kind had to be taken, and at once; so I grasped the upper part, about 5 feet, and held it with my right, while with the left hand, I unwound a lot of line, coiling or tiering it along the bottom of the boat.

Up to this time the fish had not moved from the spot where he was hooked; so, feeling pretty confident of my fighting ability, the line was tightened with the right hand, while the rod was held in the left. He soon commenced to shake his head and started to run past the boat up the river, and jumped out just above me. I saw he was a fine one, which made me all the more desirous to capture him. He sailed around a lot, but did not attempt a second jump, which made me very hopeful. Now he showed signs of exhaustion, and must be brought to the boat while able to help himself; so I gathered the line with my right and checked it with the left, holding the rod with the same until he was a little above me. The gaff had been

placed where it was ready for an emergency, so drawing in a foot or two more, he was right in front of me. The time for action was right there. Quick as thought the left grasped the line, and the right the gaff, which was instantly in him, but the rod had to be dropped, as both hands were required to save him. There he is in the boat. Hurrah! Was I proud, reader? How would you have been? Had my gear been in perfect order, the capture of such a fish, 18¼ lbs., would be something the captor might well be proud of, but to take him as you have seen the writer situated, made me more than proud—I was just delighted. It was not more than half an hour from the time the boat was anchored till he was in the boat.

It was too early to go ashore, so I undertook the difficult task of securing those round, polished ends so as to be firm enough for fishing. They could not be spliced, as the wood was powder-posted, so the most was made out of a bad business by using wax.

The water had been so much disturbed where the first one was hooked that the boat was moored to the head of a gorge formed by a

cliff under water—a spot which any and all of my American readers who have ever fished the Greenfield waters will recognize as a choice one; fish almost always being found there; so when my fly was cast here and worked towards me, the rush of a fish was expected, and when the whirl was seen I was ready, and hooked him. A wild fellow he soon showed himself to be, for he started off on the hop-skip-and-jump style, trying the strength of my crazy gear, which soon began to "*wiggle-woggle*"—not so classic as explanatory, leaving me in a peck of trouble. What to do and how to do it had to be settled speedily. Only one thing seemed applicable then—that was the knife on the lashings. How it was done I don't know now—I didn't know then; but done it was, and the 5 feet of rod were again in my hand. As the salmon gave up his racing a little, I see myself now, reeling that line and coiling it along the boat for future use. None too soon was this accomplished; for the lad was none of your sluggish chaps, but a nervous, rushing one, so he was off again, this time making straight for me, as though having taken pity on my

position, and would end the trouble by jumping into the boat. That line is coming in as fast as it can be gathered, and the prospects for gaffing so favourable that that instrument was placed against my chest and the gunwale, ready to be grasped in an instant. He is only about 8 feet away, and still coming; now is the chance. But no, you don't—not yet; and off he scoots down the river. The moment he took in the outline of the boat, away he started. I had observed the hooks were solidly placed, and my double cast back of that, so I did not fear for the result, although it was a wearisome as well as exciting pastime. The fish was beginning to falter, and was quite a distance below me, while the stream was too strong where the boat was to hope to get him up again; so while he was resting, the rod and line were held in the left, the killock, through the right and my feet, was raised, and the boat dropped close to him, where the river was wider, the water less swift, and the chances for handling him more successfully and quickly greatly improved. Now, my lad, this question of conqueror has to be settled right off; so here is at you: my line is

coming in, but he hangs back. There he jumps. "Go it again—that was a weak jump, and probably your last one." He threshes his head and holds back, reminding one of a prairie pony, when first halter-broken. But it's of no avail—come you must; and come he does, now only a few feet away. Now, old gaff, do your work, and over the gunwale he has come, and is dancing the fisher's hornpipe in the bottom. "Well done, Mr. P., well done!" comes to my ears from the shore, where half a dozen or more, who had seen me fast to the fellow and alone with a broken rod, stood watching the performance, and thus greeted me. While I felt very tired, I must freely confess I was greatly delighted.

Sundown was near, so I concluded not to fish more then, but land and get my rod repaired for early morning; so I poled the boat to the shore, and there met the friends mentioned before, two of them taking my fish to Tybert's Hotel at the village, half a mile below.

My success was made all the more apparent by meeting a team containing two Halifaxians with their guides, returning from an all-day's

fishing on the choicest pools down the river, with but a single 9-lb. fish. I confess, reader, although generally a very modest man, that I felt very proud just then. Would not you, under similar circumstances?

The next morning, a fine one, 4.30 o'clock found me, with the rod spliced, alongside the boat, ready for another experience, and I was soon anchored near where the first capture was made. The Yellow-leg was the first tried, and started a fellow sufficiently to show me his whereabouts, but I could not get him to take; then a White Admiral was tried, which he treated entirely with contempt. The next selection was a small-size double-hook Grey Doctor. When this was worked up near where he had shown himself, he came like a porpoise, and was hooked. All of 40 yards of line was out, so, as he seemed pliable, the reel was kept at work, and he came within a few yards of me, when suddenly he started at rail-road pace up into the lake, jumped and raced, double-jumped and ran, until he had 70 yards out, then turned direct for a salmon net which was setting from the foot of an island towards the head of the pool, and entangled

himself, so I had to raise the killock and work the boat to him, not only to gather in the 100 yards that were out, but to free him of the net. His meshing himself settled the question of his capture. Ordinarily, with a helper, the killock would have been weighed when he first took into the lake and been followed, thereby keeping him more under control; but being alone, this could not be done, so he manœuvred himself into the net. Its owner, one Indian Glode, was encamped on the shore of the mainland, who, seeing my fish flouncing in it, came off in his canoe, and was there by the time the line was reeled up, and claimed possession of him. My fly was fast to him, and so was his net. Appearances were fast putting on the tug-of-war style, with the advantage in my favour.

It was contrary to law to have out a net in fresh water, with a penalty for violation of $10. This we both knew, so, after parleying with him for half an hour without much headway, the salmon still in the net, I told him that if he did not consent to my taking out my fish peaceably inside of an hour, I would have him arrested as a law-breaker, and his net forfeited.

Concluding discretion the better part of valour, he told me to "take the salmon, and get out." "All right, sir. Now I tell you to get up that net, and get out of this neighbourhood, or I'll have you arrested any way." Before he went back to camp, he took up the net, and left for other parts that p.m. The salmon weighed 13½ lbs., a very pretty-shaped fish.

After this episode the pool was fished in all the likely resting-places, only one being started, which, being pricked, prevented my getting him to come again. The afternoon before and that forenoon every little eddy and run was literally alive with trout, feeding on a little brown fly, closely resembling what anglers call the "cow-dung" fly, that at this time, in June, *yearly* settle on this pool in millions; and these swarms of trout out of the Nine-mile Ponhook Lake, apparently knowing of the time of their arrival, are there, as we stated, to receive them. Putting on a single cast, and a fly closely resembling the natural one, I was soon into lively business.

Having no landing-net, and my gaff too large for most of them, placed me at a disadvantage. As soon as my fly touched the

water, it was fast; and such beauties! I fairly groaned in spirit, as so many fell off when raising them over the side of the boat—mostly all very large. My gaff was requisitioned on some of them, and thus the two largest, 2 lbs. 7 ozs. each, and five varying from 1¾ lb. to 2 lbs. 3 ozs., were saved. When I landed at 8.30, there were twenty-seven in the boat, with only one less than ¾ lb.

It was now getting very hot, and the black flies were in pursuit of their breakfast, as the call from my inner man said I ought to be; so my line was reeled up, and the fish prepared for carrying to the hotel. My friend of the night before lived in the immediate neighbourhood, and had been watching my morning's performance, and seeing me capturing so many fish, he brought his wheelbarrow to help me, so that with his assistance we got them easily where they were placed in my friend Tybert's ice-house, as were the salmon the night before. It was 6.30 p.m. before I could get on the pool again. The trout were as plentiful as before, and the flies also. It might truthfully be said it was like rain.

If you have witnessed a school of mackerel

coming to the surface, you can form some idea of the sight that was before me. Don't judge of the sight I saw, reader, if you have been a fisherman at Greenfield in these later days, for then there was scarcely a fisherman where now there are scores. Fish then had a chance to multiply and grow large, while now there is some one after them as soon as spawned. When there on the pool, I was puzzled which to fish for, salmon or trout, so I put on a small Yellow-leg, double hook, of sea-trout size, which it was hoped would attract a large trout, or fool a salmon. It was soon evident the trout did not want Yellows, and a brown had been selected to replace it, when a whirl of a large fish was noticed as the line was being reeled in, so another cast was made at once; but he did not show, nor could he be started in the same place again, for the lad had changed his position, and when and where not expected he made a rush and hooked himself.

Wasn't there a mad fish then? He took to the bottom, and rubbed hard to rid himself of his entanglement, then made a rush across the stream until he almost struck the shore, then

turned and made equally as mad a start for the opposite, giving me interesting work to get my line in without looping it, which, as my experienced fishermen-readers know, is dangerous work. To make the danger still greater, when in the middle of the river he made direct for the boat. The line was thus left very slack, in spite of anything that could be done. At this crisis, as if the fellow knew it was his time, he jumped. My rod was thrown behind me, but did not and could not gather in all the slack, so that the salmon threw his raspy tail across my single cast, and—was not there, but free. "Hang the fellow!" I groaned. "I wish he had kept out of sight; then the disappointment would not have been mine."

This experience has been the sad one of many an angler, but can only happen to one who knows their trick, by a circumstance like the foregoing. To keep them from throwing their rasp-like tail over the cast, the rod must always be kept up, and the line tight. Another cast was soon in place, and a Yellow Doctor upon it; then the boat was dropped down to the head of a rock—a promising spot, in fact, one where in previous seasons sport has

been found. Just before the cast was made, up rolled a bouncer after a little eel. It was a satisfaction to know he was there; but not a very encouraging motion for my fly, as, when after eels, they don't fancy flies. However, never venture, never have; so the fly was dropped very slowly over him and fished coaxingly, but did not move him; then it was put below him, drawn a little, stopped, drawn a little further, stopped, drawn faster, stopped. "There! by George, he's got it! Hurrah! well done!" My work for the next half-hour was cut out, as a wilder scamp my fly was never fast to. He ran, he jumped, he scooted, then jumped again, and, to cap the climax, he turned over and over. Hold on, old splice! hold on, double hook! Don't know what he'll try next. These last performances I had heard others speak of, but never had hold of a fish that practised them. Certainly, if ever a fish fought hard for freedom, this one did; yet by this time it could be seen he was yielding rapidly.

The water was strong where the boat lay, and it was doubtful if he could be got up near enough to gaff. There were some friends on

the shore watching me, so I decided, as he was resting quietly in the eddy of a rock, it would be a good time to try to pole to the shore. So, laying down the rod with a couple of fathoms of slack line to draw out, the killock was raised and the boat successfully poled there.

Now a friend took the gaff, and with my rod again in control, I walked slowly from the shore, drawing him across the stream, which helped, in his weakened condition, to work him closer to it (the shore). In a few minutes the gaff had charge of him, and he was safely landed—another fine one, 12 lbs. It was so near sundown now that, being very tired, I concluded to close up the season's fishing, and took the rod apart. It was very trying to bring myself to believe this fine sport had now to be closed for a whole year; but there was no remedy. During the two hours out in the boat that afternoon, hundreds of those great speckled beauties could have been captured. The water was then, as it had been every time I was on it, literally alive with fish.

These flies only last about four days, then the fish that have settled down from the lake

return there. I am assured that the same kind of fly make their annual visit there now, pursued by the trout, but in much less numbers and of smaller size.

CHAPTER XIII.

MOOSE-HUNTING WITH DOGS AND ON SNOW-SHOES.

In March, 18— I was at Port Joli, Queens, Nova Scotia, heretofore spoken of in this volume, on my usual spring outing after geese and ducks. Besides this being the famous resort and feeding-ground of these birds, its backwoods then for miles was equally the *moose* yard or pasture of scores—it would not be an exaggeration to say hundreds—of these noble animals. The previous early autumn my business required me, in company with locaters and surveyors, not only to outline a 1000-acre lot, but also to travel through and over it. It was then we noticed what justifies me in making the statement above as to the quantity occupying those grounds. There were as sure

signs of abundant occupation all over that land as one would expect to see of cows in a 10-acre pasture, that had been occupied by a half a score of them a season.

While on our way into the lot on that tramp, we sat beside a brook which crossed our path, eating lunch, when the crack of a stick called our attention in the direction from which it came, to see a bouncing big bull moose—oh, how I wanted those antlers!—strutting up the road as indifferent, apparently, to us (he must have known it was close season, and therefore he was safe with *honest* (?) sportsmen) as if we were mosquitoes.

At the time of the occurrence related here there was very deep snow, covered with a heavy crust, making extra snow-shoeing and dog-hunting. Some of the lads, with four dogs, went in from the settlement on Monday, the day of my arrival there, and planned to stay till Saturday, but came out on Thursday at noon for teams to bring out four they had captured. One of this crew was from the house at which I stopped. He informed his father, an old moose-hunter, whose youthful fire was supposed years ago to have expired, that they saw

a fresh track of a large moose, which had crossed the road a mile and a half back; that he had apparently gone only a short distance, and could be easily got. This aroused the slumbering fire, and put new energy into the old hunter. He started off, and secured the use of the dogs that the boys had from their owners, overhauled and repaired two pairs of snow-shoes, and was awaiting my return from the goose-hunt.

Scarcely did he allow me time to take tea when the proposal of our going after that moose was made. His enthusiasm aroused mine, which was further increased with the prospect of a veritable snow-shoe hunt with dogs, something I had wanted to have a share in for years; but to me there was a very serious obstacle now. This moose could only be approached on snow-shoes, and a pair had never been on my feet. To get the spring-halt gait necessary for rapid striding seemed to me right then a formidable task; but the old man encouraged me by fastening them on, and helping me to travel over the crust in the fields, accompanying me, so as to teach the gait. I was conceited enough to think I

proved an apt scholar, at least my companion said so. With this objection removed, the way seemed clear. He would not take a gun, but an axe, leaving all the shooting to me and my trusty Enfield, which arrangement was doomed later to cost us the carcase of an immense moose, which passed within a few feet of R., my companion, while the writer was kicking in the snow, helpless. We retired early, planning for an early start, so that four o'clock found us on the move, breakfast over, dogs fed, snow-shoes and lunches over our shoulders, gun and axe in hand, and the quick march sounded. It being frosty, we started off at a lively gait, the dogs following. The roads by which the woods were entered passed within a short distance of the home of our best and leading dog, and the thought to watch him when in that neighbourhood did not occur to us, nor was he missed from the kennel until we had proceeded half a mile or more, necessitating the return for him and consequent delay of an hour, making it broad daylight when the track we were after was reached. Here we secured on the snow-shoes, and began to follow the track. Rover, Ready,

Jenks, and Grey were the names of the dogs, the first two being much the best.

We proceeded very cautiously, as the crust was so frosty and the air so still, we could not avoid making noise. The tracks occasionally showed blood; that told us the maker of them had sore feet, and justified us in the conclusion he did not go far before yarding. When 300 yards or so on these tracks, Rover, our leader, followed by Ready, threw up their heads, left the tracks, and made a straight road more to the westward. R. said to me, "Look out, they have got his scent, and have gone direct to him. Quicken your pace, so as to be as near as possible when they come to him." Scarcely had we hooped her up, and started those awkward feet of mine into a livelier gait, when we heard the dogs giving tongue, as my old hunter called it. "They have rounded him up. Hurry! hurry! while they hold him at bay, and get a shot." Reader, take a good look at me if you want a hearty laugh, as that word *hurry* started me. My feet got here, there, and everywhere, tangled in bushes, jammed between trees, pitching me now in one direction, then in another, until they

assumed, or I did, a kind of ricocheting motion. "Keep clear of me, R.," I yelled, "and of my gun, for I am afraid of myself." As the dogs continued, it was evident he was still standing. Now, by the nearness of their sound, we knew he was close by, so sneaking along and peeping through the low woods, I spied him standing, Rover leading him, and Ready at his heels. Just at that instant he must have spied me, for as my rifle was raised he made a spring, and away he went, over a partially open country. We ran out of cover to watch developments, and were greeted with a sight of the lad going end over end, or, in other words, turning a somersault. R. was 40 yards or so behind me, so he was able to explain that unaccountable performance to me in this way. Rover, in chasing him, had taken hold of his muffle (nose), and thrown himself between the moose's fore legs which caused him to pitch on to his back. Ready at the same time, seizing him by the gambol or muscle of the hind leg, held him. The poor fellow lay there apparently helpless, and my trusty rifle might have kept him there; but, reader, that was not the kind of sport that

pleased me, even if it was to capture a moose. I said he was helpless. When, however, he saw us approaching him, his tremendous power, for he was a large fellow, flung Rover off him, and sent Ready with a kick 12 or 18 feet behind him. Then he sprang up and stood facing me, a picture of bold defiance. My rifle was raised, ranged for a blank shot. "*Coward!*" sounded in my ears. From whence came the sound? It must have been an inward consciousness that it was a shame to shoot him when he had no fair chance for his life. The word was spoken loud enough to hold my hand, and the rifle was not fired by me.

"Why in thunder don't you fire? Are you going to let him go again?" asked R.

"I can't shoot that moose, helpless as he is with those dogs."

"Confound such sentimentalism! What did we come away out here for, if you weren't going to shoot when a chance like this came to you?"

"Well, here, you take the gun and fire, if you like: I won't at that one."

So the rifle was passed to him, at which the

moose jumped. Rover seized him again. R. levelled and fired, when, instead of the moose being down, our poor Rover lay there bleeding, with the bullet through his head.

"That's bad gravy!" said R. "A valuable —*the most valuable dog* we had—dead, and to be paid for! If you had fired at that fellow when you ought to, this would not have happened," R. said rather crossly. "How am I to tell Mr. D. his dog is dead? I would rather have lost ten dollars than it should have happened."

When the dog fell, the moose, released, started off at a hurricane pace, Ready in close pursuit. Presently we heard Ready bark, and away in the distance could we see the moose at bay, the dog at his heels. A moose is bound to stop when the dog bites him on the gambol muscles, and will turn round and face him, which he was then doing. R. still had the gun, while my weapon was his axe. His first lesson had made him cautious, so as he approached and came within 60 yards of him, I was sure he was ours, and so was R. He would have been had she been in my hands, for I had learned that firing a blank range or

anything within 100 yards, you must aim below the spot you wish to hit; but this he did not know, and I was too far from him to explain, so he ranged, he told me, for the upper part of his head as he stood side to him, calculating to shoot him in the eye, but he overshot him, and off he started again.

"Hang the moose! What's the matter with him?"

"The moose is all right: you had better say, 'Hang me! what's the matter with me?'"

"Here, take your old gun: she's no good!"

"You would be nearer the truth to say you are no good! That moose is not for us, or we should have had him before this."

He has started again, Ready still in company. "Where are the rest of our dogs?"

In the excitement of the chase the thought of them had escaped us, but here they are coming panting. They must have been on that other track. In our rush after the moose when Rover and Ready gave the first alarm, another track was noticed crossing the one we were on at right angles, going directly south

towards home. We stopped an instant as we came to it, and decided to follow it going out, but the two dogs that had just come to us must have been following it. However, we could give them no more thought then. Ready and the moose were away and out of sight. Occasionally away in the distance could be heard his yelp.

"What is that?" said R. "It sounded like a gun."

"Yes! it was a gun too. There must be some others out as well as ourselves."

So we continued travelling, hoping Ready would come back. Had he been with us, we would have gone no further, but we feared to return without him, so, trudging along, not very happy at the turn of affairs, of which your humble servant got the principal blame, we came out into a beaten log-road which R. knew, and suggested we go to Freeman's Camp, which was alongside of it, one-third of a mile further on, have our lunch there, and get some warm drink.

So we took off our snow-shoes to relieve our feet, and away we scaled as fresh as when we left home.

"Halloa! what's that along there in the road?"

"Why, it looks like a moose."

"Never a moose in the world!"

"Well, what is it, then?"

"By George, it is a moose!"

"See! there's a dog by him!"

"Yes! and it is our Ready. What can it mean?"

"You must have hit him that last shot, and he ran till he fell here."

Now we are beside him, and while looking to find where he had been struck, saw a man approaching from Freeman's Camp, which was only a few yards in the woods.

"Halloa, neighbour, do you know anything about this moose?"

"Oh yes," he replied laughing; "that is our moose!"

"Yes. It may be, but our dog is with him, and we shot at him twice."

"That may be," still laughing at our persistence. "He did not look much like yours as he came trotting down the road, with the dog barking at him. It was the dog that called our attention, as we were eating

breakfast, when Mr. Freeman at once took in the situation. 'Hark! that's a dog on a moose, I verily believe!' So he jumped up, seized his gun, and ran to the road just in time to meet him, and shot him down where he lies."

"By George!" said R., "that must have been the shot we heard, and no doubt it was."

So we were invited in to take dinner, and wait till Mr. F. came for his. As I stood over his dead body, I could not help thinking that he deserved a better fate. He was a large one between 500 and 600 lbs.

When Mr. F. came, he offered us the carcase; but as we really had only a small claim, we refused to take but the half, which he kindly sent to us to Port Joli the following day. After resting here in these comfortable camp quarters until two o'clock, we started to return, calculating to put the dogs again on that southern track already referred to. Poor old Rover! When we came back to his body, we stood for a time feeling badly at the tragical end of such a fine fellow. We dug a hole in the crust and snow, and laid him away to rest. As we resumed the march, R. exclaimed—

"I'll catch 'Hail, Columbia!' when I tell Mr. D. Do you know that Rover was his splendid bird dog, and it is hard to duplicate him?"

We consoled ourselves with the fact that it was accidentally done, and therefore no one was to blame, and concluded, as Mr. D. was a reasonable man, he would accept the explanation, and with the fact that I could get him a fine pup to replace his loss, the matter would be smoothed over. The walk homeward was more hopeful, the track was at last reached, and we started to follow it, keeping the dogs in the background. We could see as we went along that they had been on it for half a mile before leaving it to return. By its appearance we concluded it was made the previous afternoon, and we would probably find the maker of it yarded near the swales about the lake. Nevertheless, we proceeded cautiously, scrutinizing closely our surroundings, when we came to an immense track, apparently made within an hour or so, and going directly west. As we stopped to examine, Ready, who was by us alone, the others having forged ahead on

the other track, snuffed the air, looking westward, and started on the jump, our eyes, of course following him. Scarcely had he gone 75 yards when he spoke fiercely, by which we knew he was up to him. So off I rushed, with the determination to have a shot if one could be got. There he stood—oh! what a monster! A fellow such as we read about but seldom see. Yes, there he stood facing Ready, so I made another rush to get still closer, when the toe of one of the snow-shoes caught a limb or root or something that sent me head over heels, and left me floundering to get up on to my feet again. By the time my feet or shoes were extricated, nothing was to be seen of dog or moose; but the wood was resounding with funny noises, yet not in my praise.

"Where in the name of sense are you, P.? Why didn't you shoot that moose? Why didn't you fire?"

"Let echo answer 'Why?' Had you seen me going at him headlong, you would have concluded that, instead of shooting him I intended capturing him by main force and [illegible]ness."

"Oh, if I had only had the gun, I know I could have dropped him here within 30 feet of me. See his tracks where he went. He excited me so, I actually threw the axe at him as he passed, which just escaped our having to bury another dog. I could hear you screeching and laughing, and thought it very funny you would let such a rare chance at such a moose escape purposely, unless you had taken another moralizing fit. You won't catch me hunting again with such a tender-hearted chap as you! Why did you come? You must have known that the dogs would stop them, and they would have to be shot then or not at all!"

Thus was I harangued by R. When I related my ridiculous toss-over, and the frantic efforts to relieve myself, the ludicrous part was so prominent he did laugh a little; but all this did not save the moose. He had escaped, and the only satisfaction left was to look at the immense tracks, and sigh over "what might have been." Ready has left him and returned, so we will see what is in store for us with the fellow somewhere between here and home.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONTINUATION OF MOOSE-HUNT ON SNOW-SHOES AND WITH DOGS AT PORT JOLI, QUEEN'S COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA.

On the re-start for home all (dogs and hunters) showed they were tired by the way they trudged along, but encouraged by the hope that each step carried them nearer rest, as also near a moose, which Ready had made me promise to fire at if—if what?—if we got another chance. When that part of the track was reached where we saw the dogs had turned back in the morning, it was evident we were following one a day or two old, for there was no scent in it, and the prospect of coming up with the maker, unless yarded near Louis Lake, a short distance ahead, was slim.

Up to within 400 yards of the lake there was no change in its appearance, and the dogs

were entirely indifferent to it, following on behind; but at this point Ready, followed quickly by the others, jumped out ahead, and rushed at top speed to the south-west, which movement naturally quickened ours and brought us on to fresh tracks, which confirmed the hope that she had yarded in some of the swales. All the tired feeling fled as "Bow-wow-wow! bow-wow-wow!" continuously greeted us from a short distance ahead—our course having been changed to follow them. To this spot I was rushing as speedily as prudence dictated; another headlong flight through over-eagerness I was not anxious for. To prevent her attention being drawn from the dogs, my movements were cautiously made, until within 75 yards, where the first view of her was had —standing at bay, with all the dogs heading her and fiercely barking. The distance was rather far, on account of intervening small trees, so I crept up till she stood 60 yards away, looking fiercely at her annoyers.

"Now, Pattillo, your reputation is at stake. Let neither tender-heartedness nor over-eagerness cheat you of this, probably your last, chance to redeem it." My Enfield is resting on

a spruce bough, cocked ready for the pressure. I want to place that bullet at the *butt* of her ear, to do which she was ranged three inches below. Inexperienced hunters would say, "Oh! he'll undershoot her." Wait a little and see! Practice had taught me my Enfield cartridges were loaded with sufficient powder to kill *sure*, at blank range, 100 yards, so that when firing short of that, the nozzle must be lowered accordingly. The resulting shot will prove the truthfulness of this reasoning. Further, when firing at a large body, to be reasonably positive of your target, a special prominent point needs to be selected as a bull's-eye, otherwise the sights are not ranged and the bullets fly wild.

Many a splendid sportsman at ordinary game, men who could at 40 or 50 yards take the head off a partridge, miss their first moose, simply because the target is so large that they look at space and shoot at it. So is it the case in wing shooting—the best shots being made with large flocks by covering *that single bird* in proximity to the many others.

Pardon the digression made for the benefit of the inexperienced, and we will put our eyes

on that barrel again, to see it is pointing right. Poor moose! your browsing days are over. The trigger is pressed, the woods ring with the report, and on the ground she lies, with scarcely a muscle moving. The bullet went straight to the bull's-eye—the butt of her ear. As I ran up to her prostrate form, a salute of "Well done! well done!" was borne to me from those hitherto upbraiding lips, "You can do it when you want to."

"Do what? Shoot dogs!"

"Oh! tut! that's unkind."

"Well, that is only squaring up old scores before getting out of the woods."

While the conversation was proceeding he was approaching me to find at my feet the carcase of a three-year-old farrow-cow moose. As soon as he had looked at her my attention was called to the unusually dark *colour* of her hair, which he informed me was a sure indication of her being a fat one, which she proved. After bleeding her, he looked around as to the chances of getting the carcase home, to find a team that could be brought alongside her. So while R. remained to dress the body, I went to the house for an ox-team,

reporting at the same time our success. The young man already referred to in the early part of this cruise pressed into service two of his companions, and off we started for the game. Inside of two hours it was in the yard and under cover, closing up a wonderful day's experience for me. Three moose had actually been within my grasp, for both the others could have been mine as easily as the one we captured, but the "if" let two of them escape.

I cannot say at the close of this adventure —a most remarkable one—that the result made me over-joyous, as many a previous cruise had done. When a bird or animal has the chance of keeping clear of the range of my gun and is attracted within it, falling thereby, there are no compunctions; but a moose held by dogs, so that he has no freedom, seems to me unjustified slaughter. It was my first experience, as it was the last, in this style of hunting. The unpleasant task of reconciling the owner of poor Rover to his loss was preformed by the promise of a nice pup, which was sent him the following week. After two days longer amongst the geese, my journey

homeward was taken, the waggon being loaded with moose meat, five large geese, eighteen blue-wings, twenty-seven trout taken through the ice, and clams *galore*, with a small chap like myself to balance it.

CHAPTER XV.

EXCITING OCCURRENCES ON A WEST-INDIAN VOYAGE, INCLUDING A HURRICANE ADVENTURE, THE CAPTURE OF A MAN-EATER SHARK AND DOLPHIN, CLOSING WITH AN ENCOUNTER AND THE KILLING OF A FISH BEARING THE EUPHONIOUS TITLE OF "THE DEVIL-FISH," IN A BOAT ON THE GULF OF PARA.

A Hurricane Adventure.

To seamen as well as landsmen the threatened approach of an ordinary gale carries a dread of results, but the stealthy on-coming of a hurricane in mid-ocean bears before it indescribable terror. In August, 18—, I was supercargo on board the square-rigged *Big Albion*, ("square-rigged" means yards on both masts) on a voyage from Liverpool, Nova Scotia, to

Trinidad, British West Indies, loaded with lumber, fish, etc. The passage up to the latitude of the Island of Antigua had been more than usually short and prosperous, neither tack nor sheet, as seamen say, having to be started from the time of leaving the wharf.

The trade winds, which had been bearing us along so rapidly and agreeably, had died out and we lay becalmed. The sky, which had been so bright, began to assume a dull, lowering appearance, and the atmosphere became oppressive as the day advanced. Our captain and mate were both men of large experience, the former having made a hundred and forty-two trips to the West Indies, and the latter upwards of a hundred—experience which did splendid service for us in the approaching perilous hours. Every available sail had been and was spread to the hitherto propitious breezes, when the dog-watch—from four to six—was called. To make this intelligible to my ordinary readers, allow me a short digression to explain.

The twenty-four hours on board ship are divided into watches of four hours each, called

the larboard and starboard watches, composed of the officers and men equally divided; the captain and cook in vessels with a crew of eight hands and upwards being excepted from what, in nautical language, is called "standing watch." The steering of the ship and the trimming of the sails supposed to be alternately in the care of the captain, who is represented by the third officer, styled the second mate, and his assistants, known as the "starboard watch;" while the mate, with a corresponding number of helpers, takes command of the "larboard watch." Unless some more than ordinarily heavy work is to be done, and to be done at once, the watch off duty is not called. That each watch may have an equal amount of sleep, the one on duty from 8 to 12 p.m. and 4 to 8 a.m. one night is supposed to be resting those hours the following watch. So to accomplish this change the hours from 4 to 8 p.m. are divided up into two watches of two hours each, called dog-watches—4 to 6 and 6 to 8. By doing this the other watches are changed every day, and all hands secure an equal amount of rest. To return now to the calling of the dog-watch

from 4 to 6 p.m. I had noticed the captain and mate in anxious conversation for some time, when the former said to the mate, "Call all hands, and we'll get all the light sails furled. Halloa! below. Ahoy! All hands on deck to shorten sail!"

The boys soon responded, when the mate, whose watch it was, ordered them to "take in and stow snugly and carefully, so that they couldn't blow loose, the royals, topgallant, sails, staysails, jibs, trysail, and square mainsail. Be lively about it, boys!" Now the hitherto quietness of the deck was broken in upon by the shouting of the men, for sailors work most effectively and rapidly when they can halloa! It seems to grease the blocks and sharpen the muscles, and the labour is less wearisome.

"Be sharp, boys! be sharp!" he repeated.

It was still calm, and to ignoramuses like ourselves, the work seemed uncalled for, and looked much like what sailors call a "work-up job," not very agreeable affairs to men entitled to rest. One of the crew in the top-gallant yard thoughtlessly expressed himself in the following style: "The d—d old fool is giving

us a work-up job!" which reached the captain's ears, unbeknown to Jack who uttered it. The officers noticed the work was lagging, so the captain shouted, "Be lively, boys, be lively! we have got to get in those topsails. A hurricane is coming down upon us," which electrified all hands. Captain repeated, "Fasten those gaskets (the wrappers of the sails) solid, so the sails can't blow loose, and rush the work, boys! rush it!" and it was rushed. By the time the light sails were secured, the necessity for every one's help, cook and supercargo as well, was evident. So we manned the topsail-yards and assisted in reefing *first* and *then* furling the fore-topsail and square-foresail, also tying first, second, and third (or close) reefs in the main-topsail.

Ere this had been accomplished it was pitchy dark, only lightened by the most vivid and continuous lightning, accompanied by the most terrific and constant thunder, as though the battlements of heaven had been attacked, and were replying in defence. To say we were not frightened, would be disguising the truth. All of us, from the captain to the cook, felt there was a fearful experience ahead of us,

out of which none of us might pass to tell the story. "Boys," the captain asked, "is everything secure?" To which the men replied, "Ay, ay, sir!" "Then each one take his station to man those main-topsail braces, and see you have a rope at your hand and something solid to fasten it to at a moment's warning, so as to secure yourselves."

There were not many happy hearts in that crew just then. Up to that time there was apparently not a breath of wind, and the vessel lay sluggishly on the water. The captain and second mate were lashed by the wheel, to take charge of it when needed. Now there strikes a "cat's-paw" (a puff of wind), quickly followed by another, and fortunately a little abaft the beam, so that our close-reefed topsail felt it and started the vessel into steering, which was our salvation.

Oh, the thunder and lightning! We poor souls were clinging with terror, as it shook the very spars in our helpless little craft. The wind increased rapidly, and now the *Albion* was moving at a quarter course—the object being, as the captain told us afterwards, to run out of it, as the track of a

hurricane is not very wide. Don't you see where the experience came in? Presently he shouts out, for he had now to halloa to be heard—

"Do you hear anything unusual?"

"Yes," we all replied, as it was not difficult to hear a rumbling, roaring, terrifying sound, resembling heavy breakers, or tumbling water.

Then he shouted again, "Secure yourselves with your ropes, and grasp something solid with your arms, and hold for your lives; for a tidal wave—the roar of which we hear—is right upon us."

Here was where experience saved us again, for scarcely had we carried out his precautions, when, by a flash of lightning, we saw the mountain of water coming, rolling, tossing, tumbling, as if ready to engulf our almost helpless little craft. When it tumbled on us over she went on her beam ends, that is, on her side, and we were all several feet under water. The buoyancy of her cargo and the passing along of that terrible roller soon allowed her to right herself, lifting us all from an unwelcome bath. As soon as we got breath to speak, the captain shouted—

"Boys, are you all right?" when the joyous response from each and all of us was, "All right, thank God!"

Closely following on the heels of this wave was the wind with its hurricane force, and those of my readers who have not experienced its power know little of it. All the sail on that vessel was not over 180 square feet when the real hurricane struck her and bore her down on to her beam ends again. As she gathered speed, and the wind, which was at first puffy, grew steady, she righted so that her lee-rail was in the water. With wonderful speed she was angling her way across the track of it, when all of a sudden our topsail blew away, leaving only the rope behind. To add to our troubles—which we all know never come single even to sailors—the yard-arm gasket of the square-foresail had blown loose, and, unless immediately secured, was likely to blow away too, or, if loosened, to upset us.

While the mate was obtaining canvas to supply the place of the lost topsail, the rest of us started aloft to secure the foresail. To state here that on our way up the fore-shrouds

a puff of wind was so violent that we were actually, for an instant or so, pressed so firmly against the rigging that we could not move upwards, may seem exaggeration. Yet I assure you it was a fact. The hurricane had increased at such a terrible pace we dare not, nor could we show any sail to it, so that the captain and mate decided "to heave her to," nautically expressed—that is, to arrange the sail so that the wind, striking it, will keep the vessel's bow in such a position that her hull escapes its force. That you may gain a still better idea of a hurricane's power, let me tell you that all the canvas we dared show to the monster, and all that was necessary, was a piece the size of two towels, or about 4 square feet.

When this had been secured to the main rigging and the wheel lashed, she rode on that stormy sea like a duck. It was then, and not till then, were we poor drenched souls able to change our clothing. Thankful, I trust, we all were to our Maker, that in His overruling providence we were under the control of an experienced master; otherwise none of us would have been left to tell this tale.

Had the brig been overtaken with all her sail spread, or any considerable portion of it, she would have been turned bottom up and all of us drowned. About nine o'clock the captain called our attention to the peculiar appearance of the ends of the yards and the tops of the mast, which looked as if ablaze with a bluish light Some of the crew had noticed this before, and, as sailors generally are superstitious, dared not speak of it even to their comrades. So the calling of our attention to this relieved their fears and helped to explain the mystery to the others. In nautical language this blue light—phosphorescent in its composition—is called "composantes;" and shows a state of the atmosphere which experience and observation explain as reached when the storm is nearing its height. It is really an electric "glow," caused by a rapid upward discharge to a highly charged atmosphere. These lights at this state begin to form on the most prominent projections, which on the brig were the ends of the yards. They were first seen on the lower yard, then the topsails, next the top-gallant, then the royal, finishing with the truck of each mast.

There they were visible for at least half an hour, when the captain remarked—

"The worst of the blow is over. Do you notice the lights have left the mast-heads and the upper yards, and are growing fainter below?"

By midnight we were able to make more sail and set the watches again. Thankful, I believe, every soul was for our wonderful preservation. When the sailor referred to heretofore as calling the captain "a d——d old fool" came to take the wheel, he (the captain) was there.

"Now, Jack," he said, "where do you think we would be now, if it had not been for 'that old fool' you were pleased to term me? You ought to know me well enough by this time that we have no work-up jobs on this vessel. My men always have enough to do without those."

Poor Jack made a very humble apology. I seem to hear him saying now. "Ah! captain, I ask your forgiveness. It was my ignorance. I couldn't see what you could. I ought to know you better than to think you would give us a work-up job. Do forgive me, captain!

Your judgment and the dear old mate's saved us all."

"All right, Jack boy," replied the captain; and the hurricane was past, leaving us a top-sail to mend, as the most of the damage done.

In closing this recital let me remark that when and where the tidal wave and hurricane struck the Island of Antigua and others in its route, terrible disaster followed in loss of life, houses, property of various kinds, and destruction of vessels discharging cargoes in port.

Capturing Dolphin and Man-Eater Shark.

The exciting and wearying experience of the hurricane was followed by several days of calm, in which we did little more than drift, only making two degrees to the south in five days. Life had begun to be monotonous. The damage caused by the hurricane had been repaired, and there was really nothing to do but watch the ship, eat, and sleep.

About nine o'clock one morning, Sam, one of the seamen, was scraping the royal mast, a job to the sailor—although more perilous—such as washing windows is to the housemaid, when he called out "Halloa, on deck!"

"What is it, Sam?" replied the captain.

"There is something ahead, looks like a tub—a soak-tub!"

"Where away?"

"About two points on the larboard (left hand as you look forward) bow, a mile or so ahead."

The captain turned to the helmsman and ordered her to be kept off. As her head pointed to the tub, Sam called down, "Steady!" and the captain repeated the "Steady!"

Now all eyes were turned towards the tub, which could just be discerned from the deck. The captain, however, had been looking at it with his glass, and remarked—

"If that is a soak-tub, and it looks much like it, with any remnants of meat in it, there is fun ahead for us."

A "soak-tub," in nautical parlance, is the bottom portion of a pork-barrel used to freshen salt beef and pork before cooking. It was quite evident this had been washed from some vessel's deck, and more than probable contained meat. One of the men asked the captain what kind of fun he meant.

"Why, the wash of water in and out of it from the meat will collect dolphin by the score about it, and very likely shark, neither of which will leave it until starved away."

Just then we had approached near enough for Sam, from his lofty position, to take in the surroundings, who, knowing nothing of what the captain had been saying, shouted, "Halloa, below there!"

"What is it, Sam?"

"Crikey! crikey! what a lot of fish are about it! Three and four feet long: how they are scooting around! By George! captain (sailors are allowed to make their statements emphatic), there is an awful big fish a little way from it—a kind of light-coloured fellow. What do you think they are, sir?"

"The small ones are dolphins, and the large one, by your description, the sailors' friend—the man-eater shark," the captain replied.

"By Jingo! I guess you are right, sir."

This information put new life into everybody, for after eighteen days' constant living on salt food, we were fresh-fish hungry. Dolphin at sea are always considered a luxury, as scarcely more than one or two are captured

during a passage. In their actions on a line they resemble a salmon and pollock, fighting for their freedom, as every inch is gathered from them. As we got nearly up to it, the captain ordered seaman Jack to get down in the main chains, and grab the tub as it passed along.

"Will and Ned, you stand by to take it from him. You had better take a turn of that clew-line around your waist, in case you should make a miss any way, Sam."

So down to the main chains (those used to be the bars of iron on the sides of a vessel to which the mast-shrouds were attached, called in nautical terms, chain-plates, sometimes fore-chains, sometimes main, as they applied to foremast or mainmast) Sam goes, seizes it with his right hand, but of course could not raise it. Then Will jumped to his assistance, and even then it was no light task; but all hands were there ready to help, and it was soon on deck. We felt, as we looked at that tub for a moment, that it had a history unknown to us. Had the vessel to which it belonged gone down in the hurricane? Had that tidal wave swept it off the

deck? We were all so anxious to get at those dolphins, we could no longer moralize, although its unwritten history did not have a cheering effect. The dolphins, in great numbers, could be plainly seen from the deck as the tub was approached. These dropped astern, and played along in the wake of the vessel. She had just enough headway to take the lines out from us, so that when the captain on the larboard taffrail and the mate on the starboard with two of us assisting each of them, threw out their baited hooks, they were immediately seized by those ravenous fellows. I had never seen a dolphin, but the captain and mate had seen hundreds, and they both stated they had never seen such large ones as were these. It was not picking fishing by any means, for every fellow rushed for his bite, and woe betide the one that got it first, for he had to follow right along to the taffrail, though jumping, scooting, rushing, and fighting every inch of the way. The quarter-deck soon presented the appearance of a George's fisherman, dolphin flouncing here, there, and everywhere.

We had captured some wonderfully large

fellows when the mate struck apparently the king of the crowd—a monster, which he did not know how to manage. Hitherto it had been main strength and stupidness, which sometimes works all right on small fish, but you don't want to treat giants—in anything—as you would pigmies. This the mate found to his sorrow, for when he got him nicely started, as he thought, and had another to add to his already large number, the dolphin gave a jump and a plunge, and was free from his captor, although still attached to the hook and two fathoms of line.

This started the classic English, which was checked by the captain—"Oh, Mr. C., there is no need of that. Put on that other hook, and don't be so rough with the next one. Play the large fellows, like I do, and weaken them. The hooks that are on the lines are the last, and we must make the most of them."

So over goes the new gear, and as quickly as the bait clears the vessel another big one seizes it.

"Now, play with him a little before attempting to haul him."

This would be just the advice to give a man that knew anything about fishing, which our mate didn't, nor would he let those that did take his place. So as a result, when the captain hooked one about the same time, they ran across the track of each other and made a fine muddle. Backwards and forwards they went, as if in a country dance, which induced me to call what the boys used to when they got their lines tangled, "first cut of a green cheese." The fish had nearly wound up the slack of the lines, and the only possible way out of the difficulty was to drag them in together, which caused a lot of merriment for the whole of us. In fact, by this time we were in great glee.

Think of eight men being confined for eighteen days on a space 25 by 100 feet, and not taking advantage of such a spree and ridiculous outcome as this. The old captain laughed till he cried, and that sober old mate actually stopped swearing and started into laughing also.

Well, half an hour passed before the lines could be cleared and the baits trailing again. All this while the excitement was

kept up by just such ridiculous speeches as Jack tars can make. We were soon fast into another pair, and continued catching them till fifty-seven lay on the deck. Then with all our hooks gone and lines more or less broken up, we were forced to knock off, while there were apparently a hundred more waiting and ready to be captured. The deck at that time was not in a condition to receive either the admiral or a health officer, but with six hands at work the fish were soon disposed of and the deck washed down. When this was nearly completed, the captain was at the wheel, and, looking down the rudder port, spied some little fish.

"The fun is not all over yet. There must be a 'man-eater' in this neighbourhood; for here are his pilot fish—seven of them," said he.

These little fellows look like mackerel, are grand eating, and accompany this particular shark, the man-eater. They always precede them, and many a poor fellow's body has been saved from his ponderous jaws by the appearance of these little fellows, so that while they act as pilots for the fish, they are often the protectors of the man. Where the captain

saw these—the rudder port—is their favourite resort about the vessel, the shark then oftentimes lurking under her bottom. Of course, it can only be in moderate weather they are visible. Pardon this digression for the above explanation.

"Sam," said the captain, "go up on the main-topsail yard, and take a view of our surroundings. That shark you saw is about somewhere, either under or astern of us."

"All right, sir," and off he started.

As soon as he reached his look-out, he shouted back. "There he is, sir, about 100 fathoms astern in the ship's wake, playing about."

"Stay there, and watch his movements. Mr. C. (the mate), you take charge of the capture of this fellow. I think it will be no trouble to get him."

"All right, sir."

So down into the cabin he went, returning with a piece of pork and a coil of small new rope, called in nautical language "ratline." In the mean time the captain had gone up to Sam's position, taken a view of the monster, and returned to the deck.

"Have your gear solid, Mr. C., for you have no chicken to deal with. Judging from the distance, I think I never saw so large a one."

"What are you going to do with that pork and rope, Mr. C.?" I asked.

"Well, the pork is to bait him. He is not a fish but flesh eater. That is the reason he did not bother us when we were baiting up the dolphin. With the ratline I'll make a 'running bowline,' nautically speaking equivalent to a 'slip-knot' in plain English, or a 'snare,' as the boys say. Now, the pork must be attached to a piece of 'marline'—more sailors' language—and hung out of the larboard stern hawser-pipe so as just to touch the water, that the oil and scent from it may be trailed to him in the brig's wake. Cook! bring me some slush (the fat drippings of the meat) saved for ship's use."

With this watch him greasing the bowline he has tied, and hear his explanation of it.

"I want this rope to help toll him as well, and if there is a chance to draw it upon him it will hook all the closer."

The mate has taken his position on the taffrail—or top of the stern—his body prostrate,

with both hands on the outside, holding the slip-knot. The one the standing, the other slipping part ready for immediate action. The tolling with that bait was assigned to me, as they knew me to be a skilful fisherman. So it was soused well at first, and the water at once saturated with the oil from it, which could be easily seen on the surface, and watched as it moved to the shark. He seemed to get its scent even before it reached him, and started forward quickly, threshing his great tail as if pleased.

Sam shouted, "There he comes, captain, fast."

Well, he did come fast until about halfway to the vessel, then checked himself, and worked backwards and forwards across the brig's wake, as if suspicious of danger, and looking for his little pilots he was never again to see.

"Mr. C., don't you think some of the oil off the pork-barrel might coax him along," suggested one of the onlookers; and you can be assured they were all there, deeply interested, more than that, greatly excited.

As quick as thought the second mate had

some there, and the trail of it made, by dropping a little at a time. Its effect for a while was magical, for he sailed straight ahead, then hesitated, but each fresh oil-baiting coaxed him along a little, until he reached a point about 12 feet from the snare. My pork dangled 3 feet in front of the bowline, and directly in its line, so it could not be taken without his head first going through it. It occurred to me to try a little coaxing with that bait, so I dropped it along with the current of the vessel, through the bow of the bow-line and within three feet of him, knowing he could not get it without first turning over on his back. This seemed to infuriate him. He wanted that bait, but fought shy of the vessel. We were all eyeing him, with some of our heads just peeping over the taffrail, others looking through the hawser-pipes—eight pairs of anxious eyes on him.

When the bait was hauled away from him he made a short rush for it, but not to swallow it, because he could not. The pork was getting so much soaked there was little substance leaving it, so a fresh piece was brought into requisition.

Just then an exclamation came from the mate, who had been lying all this time in a trying position. "Hope to Heaven he'll start soon! I'm almost dead."

As soon as the new bait was dropped towards him his eyes snapped. He was only a few inches under water now, and was very uneasy. As the bait was drawn back slowly and just entering the bowline, he whipped over on his back and rushed to his doom, for as soon as his head had passed the bite of the rope in the water the bow was dropped, the standing part caught up by the mate, and he was fastened behind the jaws.

"Seize the rope quickly and set back on it. Hold for your lives!" said the mate.

The boys didn't want any encouragement, for they started in with a seaman's chorus "Tally I.O.U. know." That helped our purchase (ropeyarn over a spike)—not a patent by any means, for the weight of that monster cut right into the wood. Yet come he had to. The water behind the vessel was threshed into foam, as he resisted, with his immense tail, the friendly treatment he was receiving. It was 9 feet from the water to the top of the

rail and the rope is now flush with it and his head is protruding above. Could you have heard the friendly salutations he received as his immense jaws were coming up into sight, you might have concluded he was an old friend, that had been looked for and expected for some time.

Sam the sailor hailed him. "You old vagabond! You'll never again smack those jaws over a poor seaman!"

Jack followed this with, "You venerable pirate! You have finished your body-snatching for ever!" while some other ones proposed the contempt of all hands be shown, "by giving him three groans," the response to which was most hearty, some of them being as hollow as if starting from their toes.

The above is only a specimen—and a small one—of the full initiatory ceremony by which he was welcomed into the arms and control of the *Albion* crew. In justice to him, it must be admitted he was no mean foe in respect to fighting power, for at one time it looked, when our new ratline showed signs of weakness, that he might escape us after all. So he was treated by each and every one to

a knife-plunge, which settled largely his resistance; yet five hours afterwards he had sufficient vitality to try to get under the bottom, as his carcase was being moved amidships for final disposal. This fellow was 12 feet long, had a wound on his side, evidently made by a harpoon, from which he had escaped. The captain and mate, who had in their long sea life seen many of this shark family, declared he was the giant amongst them.

To return to the dolphins, they supplied us with abundant fresh food for the next four meals. The balance, about fifty, were divided equally amongst the crew, the different piles being chosen by lot. The fish were pickled, dried, and exchanged with the negroes for pepper. There is a peculiarity about these fish, not seen, I believe, in any other, that nearly escaped my notice, viz. their changing into the different rainbow colours when dying.

Attack and Capture of a powerful and terrifying Monster bearing the euphonious and dignifying title of "Devil-fish."

The cargo and lumber in the brig were sold at Port-au-Spain, Trinidad, to be landed at

San Fernandez—a settlement 30 miles down the coast, in the neighbourhood of the Asphalte Pitch Lake, bordering on the Gulf of Para. The water in that district is shoal a long distance from land, necessitating the vessels anchoring from one to two miles off, and landing their cargoes in lighters, or, if lumber —as in our case—in rafts warped ashore at night when calm. The above explanation is necessary to account for the appearance of four negroes on board our ship who had been hired at Port-au-Spain to assist the crew in the extra work of discharging.

The second day down the coast was a very calm one. Our vessel, being anchored a mile and a half off, was surrounded by large shoals of small fish resembling, in appearance, the herring of the Atlantic. Noticing some large fish threshing about, feeding amongst them, I became greatly interested in them, and my sporting proclivities were aroused sufficiently to inquire of the "darkies" what those large fish were.

"Oh, Massa Cap'n" (every official, with a West Indian darkey, is a "Massa Captain"), "he devil-fish. Ketch one for poor nigger: he

grand eat when he get um, but hard ketch um. Ketchum one!"

This appeal didn't quiet the desire to tackle one of them, so, after watching for some time longer, during which they approached nearer the brig, the "grains" used for catching dolphin and similar fish were procured and attached to the deep-sea line, some 200 fathoms long, used for taking soundings, or the depth of water when approaching the land from the sea. The "grains," it should be explained, consist of four pieces of half-inch steel, 10 inches long, with *beards* on the one sharpened end, and an inch and a half long. These four pieces are welded together, with a socket on the top, into which a staff is fitted, the whole attached together when in service by a snood worked on the socket with strong twine, also another on the staff, into both of which snoods, or eyes, the rope is attached; that on the staff being so arranged than, when a fish is struck, the staff detaches from the socket and is held secured by the line through the eye.

Well, with this gear and the brig's cutter (boat) I started for the darkey's fish, taking

the precaution to fasten the end of the long line to the thwart, also securing it about midway, which proved afterwards a very justifiable and prudent one.

Not over 100 yards from the vessel was a shoal with one of those fellows having such a lively time that there was no difficulty in approaching him. So with the grains near me, when about 15 feet from him, he came to the surface, I hurled them and they struck his side, when he gave a flounce which buried me in water, as if under a water-spout; but the grains did not hold. This experience should have sent me back to the vessel, but the laughing and shouting of those on ship-board, who had been watching the performance, only served to urge me on to try again. Well, I did not have to go far nor wait long, for just 200 yards to my right was another fellow making wonderful gyrations. So at him the boat was directed, and soon I was in position to try his lordship, or devilship, better termed. So when he came on top of the water the grains were thrown into the air with a circular motion, falling upon his back and burying

themselves. Great Scot! what a plunge and a jump! the latter opening my eyes to the fact that it was not a salmon, but a veritable "devil" I was hitched to, and my knife was reached for, to cut the line and let him go. No knife! that was a deuce of a go!—left in my coat on the vessel! So there was no alternative but to fight it out or lose the whole gear—line and grains, which then I was not prepared to do; so I concluded to fight him awhile. My boat was trustworthy, and, unless he got under and overturned her, I did not fear his getting at me.

It was evident his sanctum had been ruthlessly invaded, and he intended making it lively for his adventurous invader, so he started off at railroad speed for the infernal regions, out in the Gulf of Para, and directly away from the ship. Fortunately, there was a small piece of canvas in the boat, with which I was able to seize the line, as he was rushing it out, and thus, by checking it, helped to speed the boat, so that she had headway enough, when the fastened portion was reached, not to snap it. At the time she was moving

faster than she ever did before, and it became necessary to steer her to keep her from broaching to and prevent capsizing.

Just then, out of the water, came the ugliest appearing living thing my eyes had ever seen, and went 10 feet into the air. "Devil" was no misnomer, and led me to the conclusion that the giver of that name must have had a squint of his satanic majesty. The grains had struck him a little ahead of 'midships, so, when he was rushing, the weight of the boat on the line inclined his body crosswise of the water, and helped to shoot him out into the air. My position was by no means enviable—alone, and travelling at such fearful speed away from the brig and out into that boisterous gulf. Still, up to that time, there was no thought of letting him clear. Experience satisfied me, if he was the devil himself, he could not keep up that performance long. Then, noticing when he jumped, that the grains must have gone into his vitals, for they were out of sight, confirmed me in that decision.

While all this was going on with me, the mate and crew, for the captain was on shore,

were not disinterested lookers-on, so that when he had dragged me a mile or more away he (the mate) ordered the four darkies to man the "jolly-boat" with four oars, and go to my assistance. Seeing this movement, my courage went up fifty per cent., the fear being for getting back out of the gulf. After he had jumped out three times, it was noticeable that the spring was leaving him, followed soon by a slackening of the line, as well as of the pace. Then hope and courage rose another twenty per cent., and I saw it was necessary to gather in the line as it slackened, so that he would not be so heavy to get up to the boat when he caved in, as every moment gave evidence he soon would do. Now the boat had ceased to move, and, deciding he was dead, the line was shifted aft and hauled in over the quarter, until the weight of his body came upon me. By this time the boat sent to my assistance was near, when the old darkey hailed me with—

"Well, Massa Cap'n, you had a gran' time. Old devil-fish no chile. Hay! you got him, hay?"

"I've got something—the devil or his

imp. Come on board here and haul him up."

So with the aid of three darkies, he was brought to the surface, and secured to the boat for towing back to the vessel. I wanted to cut him clear, but they would not listen to the proposal.

"Fine fish, Massa Cap'n! Oh gran'! Don't cut him! Darkey give you thousand oranges."

They didn't know my knife was on the brig, or they would not have pleaded so hard. To bring the story to a close, the getting back to the vessel, which constituted a couple of hours of hard towing, we'll pass by, and view the prize as he lay on the raft. He was 8 feet long, 6 feet wide, 2 feet or more thick, much the shape of a skate, with a whip-handle tail. A head in ugliness resembling what is known among shore fishermen as a "drum sculpin" —most repulsive when looked at. A mouth 18 inches or more wide, set with rows of shark teeth, and hung round with long smellers or suckers. After being cut up, he weighed nearly 400 lbs., his colour nearly approaching blackness.

With this recital, leave must be taken of my

readers, with the wish that you may all enjoy in your outings everything that has been pleasurable in mine, while those that have been alarming, as those just recited, may be kept in the background or out of sight.

THE END

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